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## SUNDOWN.

BY A. H. B.

The crimson glow is in the blushing West
As night's pale crescent rises o'er the hill;
The brooding cushet murmurs on her nest,
Her music soft and sweet as purling rill.

The summer gold sits on the forest trees,
The last faint glory of the setting sun;
The aspens rustle in the evening breeze;
The farm-boy sings, his daily labor done.

On such an eve, speaking to soul and sense,
Our grateful hearts with tender memories thrill,
Sing silent anthems to Omnipotence,
And all creation whispers, "Peace, be still!"

# THE RUBY RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THRONE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "A GOLDEN DAWN," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

THEN Lady Carew, wondering what else she could possibly say, thought of books, but, after a few minutes, was filled with fresh dismay. Maggie had read nothing but a few fourth rate novels; and of these she spoke in raptures.

"A virgin page," thought Sir Carlos, "on which I may write what characters I will."

"More ignorant even than the general run of uneducated girls," was Lady Carew's comment.

She could see that her son was more infatuated than ever. The ugly vulgar dress and tawdry ornaments had made no difference to him. He saw only her face and lost himself in its loveliness.

Could anything ever make her presentable? Lady Carew asked herself. She pictured Maggie in the grand old home where some of the fairest ladies in the land had lived and died, where no vulgar woman had ever reigned. The Carews had always married well; there was no record of one having married beneath him.

Was it reserved for her son, the handsome, gallant Sir Carlos, to bring this shadow on the old home? The bare idea of it was intolerable to her. Lady Carew felt that she would rather die than see this girl her son's wife. The two hours she spent in the little house were perhaps the most miserable of her life.

She was the first to rise. They had been quite alone; John Waldron had gone many hours since to attend to his duties, and the old servant was at Armytage. Nobody knew anything of their visit, and they had met no one during the drive to the house.

"I think," said Lady Carew gently, "it is time we returned, Carlos."

He said a few words to Maggie in an undertone, telling her that she had better keep this visit secret; he was returning to Hatton on the following day, and he would see her again.

He waited anxiously while his mother rose to bid Maggie adieu. He had hoped that she would clasp the girl in her arms, that she would invite her to Firholme; but Lady Carew merely held out her hands, murmured something about the pleasure it gave her to see her, swept a stately curtsey, and was gone.

Sir Carlos followed her after a more affectionate farewell.

"What do you think of her, mother?" he asked breathlessly.

Lady Carew looked weary, and held up her hand to him.

"Carlos, you must not ask me to discuss the matter until we reach home," she said.

"Have you ever seen a more beautiful girl?" he asked eagerly.

"She is beautiful. I will tell you all I think when we reach home, Carlos. Let me think in silence until then."

She could not permit this marriage, she said to herself. She must protest against this infatuation. It was the first wild fancy of a young man. There was no sense in it. She must save him—must stand between him and ruin. He would be angry undoubtedly. It would be the first time she had placed herself in opposition to his will. It would be their first dispute; and she wished that when he was younger she had taught him that she could not always think as he did. She would not tell him now what her opinion was of Maggie; she would wait until they were at home. The sight of the grand old mansion would give her courage. There, in the house that was the cradle of his race, she could do battle for its honor.

Sir Carlos was in high spirits, and was attentive, kind, and tender to her; but she could see that he was impatient to hear what she had to say.

### CHAPTER IX.

LADY CAREW and her son reached home in time for dinner. Perhaps it was the desire to influence him, to show the difference between refinement and vulgarity, that made her so particular about her toilet. Her tall graceful figure, which still retained the slenderness of youth, was shown to perfection in a closely fitting dress of pale gray velvet, and her white arms and shoulders gleamed like Parian marble through filmy black lace. She wore a diamond star in the coils of her golden hair, and she looked what she was—a gentlewoman, a woman to be loved and reverenced. Her beautiful face had lost some of its color, for she was about to do battle with his son for the first time. This made her very loving and affectionate with him during dinner, listening with sweet patience to all that he had to say. When dinner was over, she said—

"Let us go out, Carlos. You can smoke your cigar under the cedar, and there we can talk without interruption."

She told herself that she must not shrink from her duty. It would be the first request she had ever denied him; but she must be firm. She shuddered as she thought of the girl she had seen being called Lady Carew.

She threw a lace mantle over her head, and then sat down under the cedar and waited for her son. When she saw him coming, she prayed as she had never prayed since she had knelt by Sir Antony's side.

"Now, mother," said Sir Carlos, as he threw himself at her feet, "my suspense will soon be over. Tell me what you have to say."

"My dearest Carlos, you will not care to hear it; I am afraid you will not like what I am about to say. I grant that the girl Maggie Waldron is beautiful; but she is in every way unfitted to be your wife."

The brightness died from his face, and a sullen gloom overspread it.

"Tell me in what way she is unfitted. You own that you have seen no one more beautiful."

"Yes; but at the same time she is quite uneducated. She is—you must not be angry, Carlos—I must speak the truth—she is by nature unrefined—inclined to be coarse and vulgar."

His face flushed with anger, and he bit his lip. If a man had said those words, he would have fared badly.

"You judge her hardly!" he cried.

"I judge her correctly, Carlos," she rejoined. "The glamor of love lies over you; it does not over me. I see her as she is, you as you believe her to be. If you marry her, you will be disenchanted in a few weeks, and end by hating her."

"I should never tire of her!" he cried. "I would live with her in a desert, and never care for the sight of another face!"

"My dear Carlos, you would tire of her in a few weeks. I admit that a beautiful face has great power to charm; but you, a Carew of Firholme, could never present such a girl to the world as your wife. She cannot speak English correctly, she does not pronounce her words properly, she drops her 'h's;' moreover, she does not understand the most common forms of good-breeding. You could hardly introduce her to your servants, much less your friends and your equals. You could not, in justice to your name and race, make her mistress of Firholme."

"I could, and I would!" he exclaimed. "Oh, mother, I thought you would have been more anxious to please me! My heart is set on this marriage!"

Her lips trembled and her face grew paler. She summoned all her courage to her aid.

"I must stand between you and your heart's desire, Carlos," *she said gently.* "In the years to come you will thank me for it."

He rose from his lounging position, and stood looking earnestly at her.

"Do you mean that you refuse your consent to my marriage?" he asked curtly.

"Yes," she replied, "I do, Carlos. It gives me great pain; but I must refuse it."

"I do not understand," he said slowly, his voice hoarse with anger. "This is quite a new thing, mother, between you and me. Do you know that this is the first time in your life that you have refused me what I ask?"

"I am afraid it is, Carlos," she answered. "It would doubtless have been better if I had refused you many things before."

"Why should you begin now," he cried, "when it is the one great wish of my life that you are opposing?"

"Because it is needful," she said. "I have always granted your requests and tried to please you, and to refuse you now gives me great pain; still I cannot see you rush on to your ruin and make no effort to save you."

"You have no right to refuse me!"

"I have the right of a mother over her son," she replied.

"I do not think it just or fair," he said, with darkening brows. "You have given me all that I wanted all my life—all that I did not care for; now that I really want something, and ask you for it, you refuse to give it! Oh, mother, how can you do so—you, who have loved so well yourself—you, who understand what true love means?"

"If I were sure that it was true love, Carlos, you should have my advice and assistance; but I do not believe it is. I know in my own heart it is a boy's first fancy. How many men have wrecked themselves on such a rock! Oh, be warned, Carlos!"

"What would you suggest," he asked, "if you believed it to be true love?"

"I should say put it to the test. The girl is quite uneducated. My dear Carlos, imagine living always with a person who forgot the letter 'h'—imagine the sneers of your servants, the smiles of your friends, and your own torture every time she spoke. If it be really true love—and only time can prove it—you must educate her before you marry her. She must be taught to speak properly, and she must acquire the rudiments of good manners; at present she would simply disgrace you!"

"You are hard, mother," he said angrily.

"I am just," she replied calmly. "Suppose you marry her next week, and bring her home here in a month—picture yourself sitting down to talk with her, ashamed every time she spoke, nervous when any visitors called. You would be compelled to shut yourself up from all the world!"

"I should be proud of her!" he said hotly.

"Your marriage is quite impossible. How could she take the head of your table, how could she entertain your visitors—this underbred girl who has no other charm than a fair face? Carlos, I know you better than you know yourself. You would be ready to die of shame. I believe there is nothing a man tires of so soon as a vulgar uneducated wife!"

"Maggie is not vulgar, mother; how can you persist in saying so? She is one of Nature's queens!"

"She has a beautiful face and is graceful in her gestures, but she is vulgar in mind. I estimate her correctly. I am not in love with her. You would be utterly wretched if you were compelled to live with her for three months!"

"I should die without her!" he cried passionately.

"If yours be true love, you need not fear the test," said Lady Carew. "You are but twenty-two, the girl is not much more than seventeen. What I propose is this. Let six months pass, Carlos; spend the time as you please—travel, study, amuse yourself—but mix with the world. If at the end of that term you still with all your heart wish me to entertain your proposal, then the girl must be properly trained and educated. After that I will think of what had best be done."

"You refuse your consent then, mother?" he said gloomily.

"Yes. I stand between you and the wish of your heart because, if granted, it would prove a curse instead of a blessing to you. I have never exercised any authority over you. I have studied to please you, but now I expect obedience to this my most imperative command."

"My dear mother, you should have made me obey you as a child if you expected obedience from me as a man;" and the words, lightly spoken, filled her heart with anguish.

"You are the last creature on earth who should reproach me for my excessive kindness to you," Lady Carew answered. "I have devoted my life to your welfare."

"It seems easier to you to make any sacrifice than to lay aside your prejudices, mother."

"They are for your sake, Carlos. No one cares less for fortune than I do; but you must marry a refined well-bred girl. You cannot make a girl who is inferior to your own servants mistress of Firholme. Do what I suggest, Carlos. Wait six months, and then, if you are still in the same mind, begin by educating her—two or three years in France or Germany might do much for her."

"Mother, you talk nonsense!" he cried. "When every hour is an age, how can I wait six months, and then two or three years? I could not. Once and for all, mother, will you give your consent?"

"No, I cannot."

"Remember, I need not ask you," he said. "I am master here. Firholme is mine. I can bring a wife here when I choose; but I would not do so without your consent, for the sake of the love there has been between us. I prefer to please you if I can."

But Lady Carew would make no compromise. She was firm, and would not give her consent to her son's marriage unless he complied with the conditions laid down.

## CHAPTER X.

WHEN Sir Carlos went back to Hatton, he found that Lord Stanleigh was on the point of going to Spain. He had received important letters about some mining property he had there, and was compelled to start at once. In another three days the old mansion would be empty.

Hiram West had made one last appeal to beautiful Maggie, which she had laughed to scorn, and now he had to leave her to accompany his master to Spain.

"I shall never give you up," he said to her. "You can treat me with scorn, and laugh at me as you will; but while I live I shall never give up the hope of winning you. We shall be absent three months. The first thing I shall do when I return to England will be to come and see you."

She smiled to herself as the handsome face of her young lover came before her. If all went well with her, this man, who seemed to think he was superior to her, would be standing behind his master's chair while she dined with him. What would he think of his presumption then?

She laughed as he laid on the table the magnificent bouquet he had brought for her, laughed as he took leave of her and she watched him down the lane—laughter soft and sweet, laughter which delighted while it piqued him, and which made him resolve to repay her some day for her scornful treatment.

Sir Carlos was greatly vexed at his friend's determination. If Lord Stanleigh left Hatton, he could not remain there, for the house would be in charge of servants. Then how could he see Maggie? And he would not admit the possibility at present of living without seeing her. He went over to the cottage at once, and found the girl in the garden.

"Come with me into the woods, Maggie," he said. "I have something to say to you."

She looked more beautiful than ever that morning. John Waldron had bought her a pretty dress—white, with pink rosebuds in it, and she had gathered roses just like them from the hedges—some she wore in her bodice, and some in her dark hair. Her dark eyes shone with happiness, and a lovely bloom was on her face.

As Sir Carlos looked at her, he wished his mother could have seen her as she was—simple, natural, and graceful. Who would have believed that an ill-made dress and tawdry ornaments could make such a difference! When they were in the cool shade of the woods, Maggie looked up at her lover, her dark eyes bright with mischief and fun.

"I could see yesterday," she said, "when you brought Lady Carew over to see me, that her verdict was against me. She did not like me, I know, from the very way in which she looked at me."

"You are right and wrong, Maggie," replied Sir Carlos. "I have been hoping for some time to win you for my wife; but my mother has been so much to me, and I owe her so much, that I thought I would dutifully ask her advice and consent, at the same time asking her to see you; however it did not answer."

"No; for I could see that your mother did not like me."

"My darling, who could see you and not like you?" he cried. "It is not that. But listen, Maggie. My mother thinks that my love for you may be a boy's fancy of which I shall soon repent; she thinks I ought to give it the test of time; and she wants me to go away for six months, and try if I can forget you—forget you, my darling!" he repeated, bending and kissing her passionately.

"That is not very kind of her," said Maggie, with a pretty pout.

"No—nor is it the worst of it. If at the end of six months I still love you as I do now, she wishes you to be educated."

"To be what?" cried Maggie, her face flushing, her eyes sparkling. "To be what, Carlos?"

"To be educated, my darling," he replied.

"Educated!"—and she tossed her pretty head. "Does Lady Carew think I don't know how to read and write? I went to school for five years, and Miss Pierson knew how to teach, I should hope; hers was considered the most genteel school in the town, and she always said I was the most genteel girl in it. Want educating! Why, Carlos, I knew all the maps, I had my grammar by heart, and, as for sums and history—— How cruel of Lady Carew to say such a thing! My aunt always said I had been educated above my position."

He took her hands in his, caressing the dark hair and kissing the sweet lips as he spoke.

"You see, my darling Maggie, it is this—every class has its manners, habits, and customs. If my mother were to come here and take your place, she would be as much at a loss as you would be if you went suddenly to take hers."

Maggie did not look very pleased.

"No person can be more than genteel," she said; "and I have always been considered so." The lovely lips quivered, and the dark eyes looked more beautiful than ever as they filled with tears. "I think Lady Carew is very unkind," she went on. "I am quite sure that I have had as much education as any one in the world wants."

He said to himself that he must explain, that he must make his mother's meaning clear to her.

"It is in this way, my darling," he said. "There are little niceties of speech and manner that women like my mother consider almost second nature; no voice on earth is sweeter than yours, but my mother would forget its sweetness if you omitted the letter 'h' from certain words or used it unnecessarily in others."

"I don't do that!" cried Maggie. "You do not love me, or you would not think of such things! I should not care how you spoke. What should I think of a few mistakes? Suppose that I cannot be just Lady Carew, what does it matter? You pretended to like me just as I am."

At the sight of her tears, at the sound of her sweet voice, all prudence left him. That his peerless Maggie should cry, should think that he found fault with her, was not to be endured; he kissed the tears from her eyes—kissed the sweet quivering lips, and hated himself for having spoken of these things to her. What were a few shortcomings in the way of grammar, when the mouth that uttered the words was beautiful as that of Venus?

"I think," continued Maggie, "that it was the unkindest thing Lady Carew could have said. Why, Carlos, I won three prizes, and Miss Pierson said I had worked hard for them! I do not believe my mother meant it. I will tell you what I think. She wants you to marry some one with plenty of money; that is why she has made this excuse."

"Could it be possible?" he asked himself.

"Carlos"—and she laid her shapely arms round his neck and her beautiful face on his—she knew that he could never resist her caresses—"if I am to learn anything, you must teach me. I should never forget anything you said. I should learn from you in half the time I should learn from any one else. Take your mother at her word—let me be 'educated' as she calls it; but you educate me."

"That is a glorious idea, Maggie," he replied. "I will. You are so quick and clever, you are sure to make rapid progress. But where shall I see you? I cannot stay at Hatton after Lord Stanleigh is gone."

Her beautiful eyes were looking into his, her lovely rose flushed face nestled nearer to him, her hands met round his neck.

"Carlos," she whispered, "do not leave me again. I love you so much that if anything parted us now I should die. Do not leave me. I have a presentiment that if you do your mother will part us. Oh, Carlos, do not leave me, now that I have learned to love you with all my heart!"

"Do you love me with all your heart, Maggie?" he asked.

"Do I!" she echoed; and she was by no means reticent in her expressions of affection for him.

He was young, open to flattery, and madly in love. He forgot everything except that he loved this beautiful girl who clung to him with such passionate prayers and tears. He promised that he would never leave her again.

"Maggie, I have thought of a plan," he said. "It is perhaps stealing a march on the dear mother; but all is fair in love. I will go away for six months; but I will marry you and take you with me. We will spend six months abroad, and during that time, I will finish your education. I will teach you all those little niceties which I suppose my mother considers a part of a woman's higher training. At the end of the six months I will take you to her, and when she sees the improvement she will be anxious for me to marry you. Then we can show her how true our love was, how well it has stood the test, and she will enjoy the surprise."

Maggie entered heart and soul into the plot.

"She will be surprised, Carlos. Nothing could be better. She will see then that you were right and she was wrong. She will see, too, that she has been mistaken about me."

No difficulty stood in the way. Lord Stanleigh would be in Spain, and Lady Carew would never dream of such a thing as a secret marriage, while, as for John Waldron, if he thought his daughter safe, he would not bestir himself. There was indeed, thought Sir Carlos, nothing to fear.

"Tell your father that you do not like country life," he said, "and that you will try to get a situation in London. I can arrange for letters to be forwarded to him at intervals, and he will not know but that you are there. We will be married in London by special license, Maggie, and I will take you to Paris. No, not to Paris; we should meet so many English there. We will go to Italy. We will have a beautiful little villa beside one of the lakes, and for six months we will be happy as no other couple has ever been. You must read and study, and I will do my best to teach you. What do you say of the plan?"

In ecstasy she threw herself into his arms. They talked for hours of the surprise it would be to Lady Carew when in the graceful accomplished daughter-in-law presented to her she should recognize Maggie.

They not only talked of the scheme, but they carried it out. Maggie told her father that she was tired of a country life, and that she should get a situation in London. He was unsuspicious and easily deceived. Sir Carlos went home and told his mother that he intended to spend the next six months in Italy, and that then he should have a surprise for her. Everything favored Sir Carlos and Maggie's plan. They were married in London, and started for Italy without a misgiving as to their future happiness.

## CHAPTER XI.

SIR CARLOS and Maggie had been married three days, and as yet there had not been the faintest shadow of a cloud to mar their happiness. A thousand times each day Sir Carlos thanked Heaven that he had followed his own inclination. It was so sweet to teach his beautiful girl-wife, so delightful to watch her rosy mouth with its graceful curves, so blissful to be loved with such passionate devotion. Ah, if he had done as his mother said, if he had spent six months from Maggie, he would have lost the very happiest time of his life!

"If you want a woman to be trained in any particular way, train her yourself," thought Sir Carlos.

He spent a week of perfect bliss. He had bought Maggie a magnificent trousseau as they passed through Paris. Every requisite and every luxury that was needed for a lady was there; and Maggie's delight had been boundless. However, it did rather jar upon him when, every time she put on a fresh dress, she said complacently—

"I wish Lady Carew could see me now."

It annoyed Sir Carlos, but he did not like to tell her so. He began to find that his beautiful Maggie had a temper, and that she did not like to be found fault with. He had taken a luxuriously furnished villa on the shores of the Lake of Como—the Villa Molteni, belonging to the Duke of that name, who had gone to the East. Sir Carlos had no trouble as to servants, for they had all been there for some years; and his time was all his own for making love and teaching. He could not help smiling at the array of books he had brought with him; but Maggie rarely opened one of them.

Sir Carlos was perfectly happy for some few days. He never wearied of watching Maggie, and the more he watched her the more beautiful he thought her. How right he had been after all, he reflected! A few little eccentricities were less than nothing when compared with her wonderful beauty.

One day Sir Carlos drove his wife to the city of Como, as she had expressed a wish to see it. He ordered a recherche dinner at the hotel where they alighted; and it happened that, amongst other things, a dish of green peas was served.

"Peas!" cried Maggie, when she saw the dish. "I am very fond of them. My aunt always said that I could never have enough of them."

The continual mentioning of her aunt as the highest earthly authority began to annoy him. He was fastidious too, and did not like to hear a lady speak with enthusiasm of eating. This was the least part of the shock he was destined to suffer. Maggie helped herself most liberally to the green peas; and presently her husband, looking up suddenly, saw his beautiful wife using her knife instead of her fork.

"Maggie," he cried angrily, "what are you doing?"

Her face flushed, but she looked defiantly at him.

"I know," she said. "But I must use my knife; I cannot help it. I am sure Miss Pierson was very particular in teaching us never to use a knife when eating peas; but look at this fork—I cannot eat the peas with it."

"Then go without them. It is unheard-of vulgarity. Never do that again, Maggie; it has horrified me."

"And I am so fond of them," she answered petulantly. "What can it matter? There is no one here to see me."

"I am here," he said, "and you are here. You must respect my presence and your own; you should never do when you are alone what you would not do if any one was with you. The laws of good-breeding are always the same, whether we are alone or with others."

"That is all nonsense!" cried Maggie.

Her husband looked at her in dismay.

"Nonsense or not, when you dine with me I shall expect you to observe the same etiquette at table that I observe myself."

"You do not love me; if you did, you would not find fault with me," said Maggie.

"I have proved my love," he retorted; and she finished her dinner in sulky silence. This was the first disagreement.

The second arose from a similar cause. Maggie had never been accustomed to wine, and she liked it perhaps a little too much. She would drink glass after glass—quite unconscious, certainly, of the effect it would have—until she grew sleepy and stupid. Her husband spoke to her about it, kindly enough, but firmly; and she bitterly resented his interference. He found too that he could not correct her inaccuracies of speech, her mistakes in pronounciation. If there was an improvement one day, she was worse the next; that which the glamor of love had hidden from him was glaringly apparent now.

He had not been three days in falling in love; he had not been married three weeks before he discovered that his mother's verdict was a true one. His love had been a young man's fancy. Time would have proved it to be so; but he had not waited for time.

It was not many weeks before the unhappy Sir Carlos saw that in the wife he had chosen there was no charm save that of her beautiful face. He had thought he would be able to form her mind; it was already formed. He had fancied he could educate her; she was already trained. The conviction came to him at last that his hasty ill-advised marriage had been a fatal mistake; and he had to go through all the horrors of his disillusion.

When Maggie perceived that he grew weary of her society, she went through every phase of jealous fury. Nothing could have been more unfortunate for them than their isolation and solitude; for, if they had been surrounded by friends and acquaintances, they would have seen much less of each other.

Maggie was no companion for him; she never read, never opened either book or paper. She had had no experience of life, save as she had met with in her aunt's shop. If she told him an anecdote, its coarseness or vulgarity disturbed him. When she had talked to him about her new dresses, about the expression she hoped to make on Lady Carew, and her plans when she should live at Firholme, she had no more to say.

Her vulgarity jarred upon him a hundred times each day. She had no taste, she never looked well dressed; she wore the most inharmonious colors, and spoiled the effect of the most artistic costume by wearing the wrong ornaments.

He told her frequently that she had never looked so well in anything as she had looked in her pretty pink prints. Then Maggie would cry with rage, believing that he meant to insult her.

Sir Carlos knew nothing of this girl whom he had married, save that she had a most beautiful face. He knew nothing of her character and disposition. She was sullen and obstinate; when he was displeased with her, she made a point of persisting in that which annoyed him, and did her utmost to vex him, as a rule, succeeding admirably.

He tired of her at last. He chafed at the long hours that he had to spend alone with her, and hated the seclusion of the pretty villa that had once been to him like Paradise. He asked himself in wonder if he had been mad. What was he to do with this undisciplined, ill-regulated nature? All hope of training Maggie and teaching her had died out. She would not even listen to him.

"Miss Pierson told me that years ago," she would say to him when he corrected any glaring inaccuracy, until he was ready to anathematize Miss Pierson.

Perhaps his greatest horror was the continual use she made of the word "genteel." She wore an inharmonious combination of colors because it was "genteel," and gave to some words a peculiar accent for the same reason. Sir Carlos began to detest the very sound of the word. She could be good-tempered when she chose; but, when she preferred to be sulky or silent, she could be equally disagreeable.

Sir Carlos now recognized the fact that, although his wife was beautiful enough, she was coarse and vulgar. He had not believed that such a contradiction could exist.

They went from bad to worse when Maggie found that his love was waning. She became jealous; she was sure, she told him, that he loved some one else; either he cared for some one he had left in England or he had met some Italian girl. He never called her "beautiful," never said he loved her. What had she done? What did he mean by it? While he cursed the obstinate folly which had ruined his life. "The curse of the Carews" was upon him. He had obeyed the prompting of his own self-will, and it had brought him to such a pass that he was tired of his life. He dared not go to Firholme. How could he take that sullen, vulgar, uneducated woman home to Lady Carew?

* * * * * *

Sir Carlos had a stormy scene with his wife about going home; the chains he wore galled him so much that he felt he must be free from them for a time. The member for Lynn Mavis, the country town of his shire, was dead, and he had been asked to take his place. This was what Lady Carew had always desired. She wrote to him, telling him that he should return at once on account of the election. He knew that to take Maggie home and introduce her to the country grandees would ruin all his Parliamentary prospects. He would lose not only the votes but the interest of all his father's old friends; they would never forgive such a mesalliance.

How he hated his folly! What could have possessed him to marry a girl like Maggie? His mother had been right. If he had taken six months to think of it, she would not have been his wife.

"I have spoiled my life," he said; "but I must not make Maggie miserable."

He felt that he must leave her for a time. He could endure this life no longer. She should have everything she wanted; but he must have some respite from what was a life of torture to him.

There was not one scene but many between husband and wife; it was the first time in his life that the master of Firholme had seen all that a coarse nature is capable of. Maggie's reproaches, her insults, her passionate tears and cries, maddened him. She was his wife, she told him, and she would go with him. He should not hide her because he was ashamed of her. She was as good as his proud mother. She would teach him that she was not to be neglected.

At last he pacified her by telling her that when the election was over he would come back for her; and, as an after thought, he said that he should prefer to bring his mother with him, and that they could remain for some weeks in the Villa Molteni together.

He shuddered as he thought of it; but it must be done, he must pay the price of his folly. He promised to write to her; yes, and he would send her a box of beautiful dresses from London.

"I shall say nothing to my mother of our marriage until she is on the road to Italy," he added.

Maggie answered sullenly that he could do as he pleased, but that he and Lady Carew would find themselves compelled to treat her with respect.

At last he was free; he was out of her presence. The scales had fallen from his eyes, the last spark of love was dead within him. At that moment he would have given his life to undo what he had done.

* * * * * *

Lady Carew held up her hands in wonder when she saw her son.

"You have been ill, Carlos," she said anxiously, "and have not told me."

"I have not, indeed, mother," he replied.

"Not ill! Why, my dear boy, you look ten—nay, fifteen—years older than you did when you away! Your face is haggard and worn, and there are lines upon it that ought not to have been there for twenty years. However, I am glad to have you at home, for I can take care of you."

It was the beginning of April then, and Firholme looked more beautiful than ever in its spring dress.

Great Heaven, what had he done? What kind of mistress would he bring to reign over this grand old home of his? He could not fancy Maggie there. His mother had welcomed him, as she always did, with tenderest love.

"Did I tell you," she said, "in my last hurried letter that we had visitors? I am afraid not. Now that I see you are far from well, I am almost sorry that they are here."

He was rather pleased. Anything that would take his thoughts from his own wretched affairs would be welcome to him.

"I am very glad to hear that there are visitors," he replied. "You must not fancy I am ill, mother; it was not a pleasant journey, and it has tired me. Who is staying here?"

"The Baroness Cawdor and her niece Lady Gladys Kerr. The Baroness and myself were great friends when we were girls; and before I knew about the coming election I had asked them here for the spring. Is it agreeable to you, Carlos?"

"My darling mother, the more you fill the house with your friends and people you like, the better I shall be pleased," he answered.

She did not tell him what in her heart she hoped and prayed for, that he would fall in love with Lady Gladys and ask her to be his wife. That was the end and aim of all her wishes, the one thing for which she prayed morning and night. If Heaven would but grant her prayer! It was not for her fortune that she wished her son to marry Lady Gladys, though she was a wealthy heiress; it was not for her beauty, although few were fairer. It was for her amiability; and Lady Carew knew that she would make a good wife. Still it was not with this hope that Lady Carew had asked her to Firholme. The invitation had been given when she believed that her son intended to remain some time longer in Italy. But it seemed almost like an interposition of Providence that Sir Carlos should return when Lady Gladys was there.

"You will see them to-morrow," she told her son. "The Baroness is one of the most accomplished and charming women I have ever met. She has been everywhere, seen everything, and knows every one."

"Very comprehensive," said Sir Carlos.

"And perfectly true," laughed Lady Carew.

Then she went up to him and put her arms gently round his neck.

"Carlos," she said, "I do not want to tease you, to remind you of unpleasant things, but I want to thank you for the sacrifice you made with respect to that girl."

He shivered from head to foot as with bitter cold.

"I will not mention it again," she continued; "but I must praise you, my noble-hearted boy. I met, quite by accident, at a railway-station, the father of—of the girl—John Waldron—I heard some one call him by his name—and I asked him how his pretty daughter was. I told him I had seen her once. He was very pleased, and told me she had taken a situation in London, and that he often heard from her. Heaven bless you, my boy! I am proud of you!"

He staggered from her arms with a groan. What would she say when he told her the truth?

She did not perceive his emotion, and laid her white hand caressingly on his head.

"You will never know how much I have loved you, Carlos. Some months ago I was afraid, for I thought my over-indulgence had spoiled you; but you came out nobly from the ordeal, and I shall never fear for you again."

Her face softened, and her eyes, bright with love, were bent tenderly on him. She wondered a little why he caught her in his arms and kissed her so fiercely, murmuring that she was his beloved mother, his dearest mother. He felt that he could sooner have smitten her dead at his feet than have destroyed her innocent pride in him. He turned from her with a groan.

"I am very tired, mother," he said. "I will say good night."

He could not have borne another word. He had not reached Firholme until late in the evening; but Lady Carew had sat up for him. She believed that he was tired. If she had known what he was suffering, of his anguish, his remorse, his despair, her heart would have broken of grief for him.

## CHAPTER XII.

It was late when Sir Carlos came down on the following morning; he had not thought of the visitors. All night he had been fighting a hard battle with himself. Although he had deceived his mother with respect to his marriage, he was naturally frank and open. It was the only secret between them. It was torture to him to have to live under the same roof with his mother and keep up the deception; and yet he could not bear to put an end to her innocent pride in him by telling her the bitter unwelcome truth. It was not that he feared her reproaches, but he dreaded to distress her. He had never known before how much he loved her; and he would do anything rather than pain her. He must wait, he thought, until he had her all to himself away from Firholme, and then he would tell her everything.

He had forgotten all about the visitors. It was a surprise to him, when he entered the breakfast-room, to see a tall, handsome, stately lady there talking eagerly to his mother—a lady who looked up when he entered, and said—

"Is this your son, Mildred?"

Then his mother—Heaven help her!—with her face all aglow with pride and happiness, introduced him to the Baroness Cawdor.

Sir Carlos liked her at once. She was, as his mother had said, a most charming woman; and she talked to him so brightly, so gaily, that he forgot some of the bitterness of his trouble as he listened.

Then there was an interruption. A man, who sent in his name as Hiram West, wanted to see him.

Sir Carlos at once went to the library, and found Lord Stanleigh was still in Spain, he was told; but the climate had not suited his valet, so he had returned to England. He had heard that Sir Carlos wanted a well-trained servant, and Lord Stanleigh had recommended him.

Anxious to oblige Lord Stanleigh, Sir Carlos engaged the man. Hiram West had been to Armytage, and had been told that Maggie had obtained a situation in London; but he did not believe in the truth of the story. If he wanted to find her, he told himself, he must *first seek out* Sir Carlos Carew. It was for the purpose of discovering her whereabouts that he had engaged himself as valet to Sir Carlos.

Sir Carlos did not like the new valet, and he disliked the associations connected with him; but Lord Stanleigh wished him to take the man, and he was one who would do much to please a friend. The young Baronet knew nothing of Hiram West's love for Maggie, or he might have been on his guard.

The man came in the course of a few days, and all the belongings of Sir Carlos were placed in his charge. Sir Carlos thought his new servant very attentive, orderly, and methodical. He little dreamed that every cupboard, every drawer, every pocket even, of his had been searched for some trace of Maggie—a note, a card, or an address. But nothing had been found. Nor could Hiram West tell why he was haunted by this faint suspicion. True he had seen Sir Carlos with Maggie, and Maggie had laughed both at him and his love; but it did not follow that Sir Carlos had taken John Waldron's daughter away; yet the idea haunted him. If it were true, Sir Carlos should pay for it with his life.

In the meantime the sight of his old home, the faces of the dead and gone Carews on the walls, the presence of his beautiful and beloved mother, filled Sir Carlos with inexpressible remorse. He had never intended to bring anything but honor and glory to his name; but, by one act of disobedience to his mother, he had marred his life, and nothing could set him free but death. It was better to be dead, he thought, than to live always the life he had led in the Villa Molteni. Of one thing he was sure—he could never bring Maggie home while his mother lived.

He was walking along the western terrace, moody and miserable. He remembered how he had always said that he would marry some one like his mother; and, raising her eyes, he saw a vision that was the very embodiment of the thought.

Leaning over the stone balustrade, viewing the gardens below, was a tall, slender, beautiful girl, with hair like gold, and a face like the fairest of roses.

Sir Carlos stopped abruptly. Could any one be more like his mother than she was—tall, slender, and stately, with golden hair and a face beautiful as the dream of a poet?

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## Bric-a-Brac.

**New Use for a Coat Pocket.**—A farmer at Iford, in Sussex, England, did a very common thing when he hung up an old jacket in one of his outbuildings; and when Jenny Wren came along she saw it, and was glad, for forthwith she proceeded to build a home in one of the pockets. Judge of the owner's surprise, however, when he took his jacket down, to discover that it contained a nest and five eggs.

**Peace or War.**—In the olden days, when the spear was used as a weapon of war, men had to be very careful how they carried it. If they were in a strange country and bore their spears with the point forwards, it was supposed they were bent on mischief, and was regarded as a declaration of war. If, on the other hand, they carried the spears on their shoulders, with the point backwards, their visit was taken as a visit of friendship, and there was no disturbance of the peace.

**A Fine Country for Doctors.**—In Beloochistan, when the physician gives a dose, he is expected to partake of a similar one himself, as a guarantee of his good faith. Should the patient die under his hands, the relatives, though by no means exercising it in all circumstances, have the right of putting him to death, unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibilities as to consequences; while he, should they decide on immolating him, has no reasonable ground for complaint, but is expected to submit to his fate like a man.

**What are Lake Dwellings.**—In various parts of the world—in New Guinea and in certain parts of South America and Africa, for instance—the natives live in houses built upon piles of wood driven into the bed of lakes. They use this kind of dwelling either for safety's sake, since they cannot be attacked without due knowledge, or because, the country being marshy, dry land is not easily to be had for building purposes. It is curious that our remote forefathers in their savage state—before even the records of history began—built unto themselves similar houses. In their case it was doubtless defence against enemies that led to the construction of such dwellings.

**One is Fierce and the Other Lazy.**—Though the lynx is one of the Cats, it has certain un-cat-like points. Its tail is shorter, its ears are longer and graced at the ends with a tuft of hair, and it has whiskers as well as the moustache that ornaments the mouth of the cat. The lynx of Europe is a savage creature, leaping upon its prey with sure aim, and doing great damage amongst the flocks and herds of the countries where it is yet found. In a wild state, the American differs from the European lynx in being much lazier and less ferocious; therefore it will live longer, for the latter has no friends, and is gradually retreating before the advance of civilization.

**At Play in an Oasis.**—There are certain spots in the great Sahara desert—alas! too few, so the natives think—where there is plenty of water and the palm tree grows luxuriantly. These delightful places are called oases, and there is one in Biskra in Algeria, on the northern fringe of the Sahara—"where all the prospect pleases and only man is vile." Nevertheless vile man needs his amusements, and the Caid, or military governor, of Biskra finds his chief recreation in hawking. The hawks are carried on the men's heads or shoulders, and oftentimes on both. Hawking is one of the oldest of sports and is keenly enjoyed by everyone, except the poor unfortunate victims.

**Where is the Blarney Stone.**—Within a few miles of Cork there stands, in the midst of beautiful groves, the ruined castle of Blarney. When the castle was besieged by Lord Carew in 1602, Cormac McCarthy, the Irish chieftain who held it, promised to give it up to the English general, but always put him off by soft speeches, until Carew became the laughing stock of Queen Elizabeth's ministers. Hence arose, so it is said, the common phrase "None of your Blarney." There was a stone in the wall of the north angle of the castle, several feet from the top, which whoso should kiss became forthwith gifted with great eloquence. It was not easy to kiss a stone in such a position, but the feat was usually accomplished by the performer of it getting himself lowered by means of a rope. This was the famous Blarney stone.

◆

If time is money, then some watches gain enough time to pay for themselves.

## A DAY.

BY FRED EYLES.

Though time flies on, and in its course
Heaps mounds of years behind,
We little note the days that pass
Like "Chaff before the wind."

We, heedless, ask "What is a day?"—
'Tis nothing, after all,
And scorn it, as it glides along,
Till it is past recall.

But still it onward rolls, and turns
From us in sad disdain.
Do what we may, when once 'tis gone,
'Twill ne'er return again.

Why should we, then, with such contempt
Treat this one little day?
It bids us mind that, like itself,
We all shall pass away.

# LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

THE countess turned slowly in her chair, and gazed upon him with astonishment.

"Call upon her?" she exclaimed. "Why should I?"

"Why should you not?" he demanded quietly, but with an earnestness that was all the more emphatic for its quietude.

"My dear St. John, I know nothing about her," she said; "at least, all I know is to her disadvantage. She is a mere nobody, the daughter of the man who got the poor Yorkes into his clutches, and robbed them of the Hall. A vulger parvenue, and quite—quite unpresentable——"

"On the contrary, mother, a lady in appearance, in thought and word. Indeed, indeed, you do not know her! I want you to call upon her that you may know her better. Wait, mother," as the countess opened her lips for another remonstrance. "This poor girl is a neighbor of ours; she has no friends, she told me so. Have we done our duty by her? Have we been *just, even just, to her? Put yourself in* her place, mother."

"My dear St. John, I could not," said the countess, with a simplicity which was the sublimity of pride and hauteur.

"I suppose not," he said; "but try. Mother, I want you to call upon her."

"I will think it over; I will speak to your father," said the countess, looking at his pale, earnest face intently. "I can't understand why you should ask me to do this. No one has called upon her. I had not the least intention of doing so. What has come to you, St. John?"

"I don't know," he said. "Perhaps I have only just realized how unjustly we are treating Miss Harwood. And that we are treating her unjustly you will be the first to admit when you have seen her, spoken to her, and heard her speak."

He rose, and put his arm round her neck.

"I want you to call upon her this afternoon, mother. I will go with you if you will let me."

If she could have resisted his verbal appeal she could not have resisted his touch.

"Very well, St. John," she said, with a sigh. "But—I——"

He bent his head and kissed her.

"Thank you, mother," he said; "we will go after lunch." Then without another word, he left the room.

Soon after lunch the carriage was ordered, and the countess and St. John proceeded to Rainford Hall.

The countess had told her husband, the earl, and had gone through the form of "asking his permission." It was a mere form, for the earl was one of those men who believed their wives can do no wrong. He was as devoted to her as she was to their only son; and if she had proposed calling upon the wife of the village sweep, Lord Lisle would have said, "Certainly, my dear, certainly; by all means," and would have trudged off to an inspection of his pigs at the home farm with a comfortable assurance that she was doing quite the right thing.

The countess and St. John spoke very little on their way to the Hall. She was wondering how this unknown Miss Harwood had produced such an impression on her son, and he—well, he was lost in dreaming of the beautiful girl with the violet eyes and the musical voice.

Nance was alone in her room when the cards were brought to her; Lady Dockitt had gone for a ride.

She gazed at the little slips of pasteboard in surprise and with deep thought for a moment.

Why should the great Countess of Lisle call upon her? Should she see her? Why should she? She did not want to know Lady Lisle. She wanted to be left alone, to lead her quiet life undisturbed by outside influences, to dwell apart from the world, wrapt in her sad remembrance of the past.

"Tell her ladyship," she said to Sophie, "that I am not at home."

"I am very sorry, miss," said Sophie, "but Mr. Bulford said you were, and the Countess and Lord St. John are in the drawing-room."

"Very well," said Nance.

And she went down.

She was so little awed or disturbed by the grand visitors that she did not even turn to the glass to smooth her hair or arrange her ribbons with that deft touch which most women consider necessary on such occasions.

As she entered the drawing-room, she saw a stately, handsome woman, looking every inch a countess, who regarded her at first with cold, reserved scrutiny, which as Nance came forward, changed subtly to an expression of surprise and admiration, that as rapidly was effaced by one of conventional politeness.

As a matter of fact, the countess was considerably astonished. She had expected to see an ordinary girl of the middle class, afflicted by all the ordinary awkwardness and embarrassment, with the shifting eyes and uneasy smile which are the characteristics of that class.

It amazed her that this girl should not only be so beautiful, but should be so beautiful in so refined a fashion, and that she should come into her, the countess's, presence with so calm and self possessed a demeanor. The girl seemed grace, refinement themselves.

The countess, without knowing it, had meant to be blandly patronizing, coldly polite. She felt instantly, with instinctive acuteness of her class, that patronage was not the game to play; that it would be quite thrown away upon this girl, who, marvellous to say, bore herself with a dignity and graceful ease which, the countess felt, should be the exclusive property of the aristocracy.

"How do you do, Miss Harwood?" she said; and before she knew it she had actually commenced to apologize for not calling before. "I have so much to do, and my son has just come home and takes up so much of my time"—she smiled at St. John, who sat gazing at Nance with all his heart in his eyes—"that I have had no time lately for calling. He tells me that he has already made your acquaintance. I am afraid he was very troublesome. But it was very kind of you to drive him home."

What she meant was that it was very kind of St. John to allow himself to be driven.

"On the contrary," said Nance, "Lord St. John was very kind to me."

The countess listened to the musical voice with a fresh sensation of surprise. Really, the girl was wonderful!

She and Nance continued talking the usual small talk, though, as the countess remembered afterwards, it was she who talked and Nance who listened.

The footman brought in the tea, which Nance distributed as gracefully and easily as if she had been accustomed to the function all her life.

The countess noticed her white and shapely hands.

St. John noticed them, too, and thrilled as, by chance, one of them touched his. He sat with his tea cup in his hand almost silent for a time; but presently he said, as if he had been paying little or no attention to his mother's small talk—

"Miss Harwood, we were speaking of the Hall this morning, and I presumptuously wished that I could show it to you. It is some years since I was here; will you let me see the west tower? You know its history, I suppose?"

Nance turned to him gravely.

"No," she said; "you forget that I am quite a new comer."

The words were spoken without a single sign of embarrassment, and the countess could not withhold her mental tribute to the girl's admirable self-possession.

"Will you come, Lady Lisle?" said Nance to her.

"Thank you," said the countess. "But I am afraid St. John is giving you some trouble."

Nance led the way through the hall and down the passage leading to the historical west tower. She had often visited it by herself. It was one of the oldest parts of the Hall. Its rough-hewn masonry had fortunately escaped the hands of the renovator, and it stood just as it had stood when a Yorke of the fourteenth century had built it as a means of defence for the rest of his ancestral home.

The tower was reached by a flight of many steps. As they ascended these, Lord St. John pointed out the names and inscriptions scratched upon the stone walls.

"They kept prisoners here in the old times," he said. "The Yorkes were little kings in those days. It is in this tower that Lady Bernice Yorke withstood a siege of thirty days, and, with the aid of a score or so of her retainers, she held the besiegers at bay until aid arrived."

Half way up the stairs he stopped and leant upon his stick heavily. Nance, who could never have helped assisting a tired child or a lame dog, held out her hand.

"Let me help you," she said, holding out her arm.

Lord St. John put his hand upon her arm.

"Thank you," he said in a low voice.

They reached the top of the tower. The countess sank upon a seat. Nance and Lord St. John went to the edge of the battlements. He pointed out the various places of interest in the magnificent view, and told her, in brief, the history of the houses that rose from amongst the trees dotting the plain. Nance listened in silence. His eyes dwelt upon her face; his own was flushed, his voice thrilled with an earnestness quite new to it.

He could have stayed there beside this beautiful girl for the rest of the day; but the countess had no such inclination.

"St. John," she said, quietly, "we must be going; we have stayed an unconscionable time, and are keeping Miss Harwood."

St. John tore himself away with evident reluctance. Nance took leave of her visitors with the same ease and self-posession which had so astonished the countess.

The carriage drove away, St. John sinking back against the cushions with a profound sigh.

"She seems a very nice girl, this Miss Harwood," said the countess. "I am not surprised at your sudden liking for her."

Lord St. John was silent for a moment, then he turned his eyes upon his mother, and with a sudden pallor said—

"Mother, I love her!"

### CHAPTER XXXII.

YOU love her! My dear St. John, it is—it is impossible! exclaimed the countess, staring at him in amazement.

"That which has happened cannot be impossible, mother," he said quietly, gazing before him intently. "I love her! I love her as deeply, as passionately, as if I had known her for months—years. It is love at first sight, if you like, but it is a real, a true, and a lasting love. It will last me all my life."

"But—but," said the countess, actually faltering in her astonishment and bewilderment, "we know nothing about her! She is not one of ourselves; she is—oh, no one knows who!—the daughter of a nobody. She may have, probably has, relations who are quite—quite unpresentable, people it would be quite impossible to know."

"God did not make the world for 'ourselves' only," said St. John, with the slightest of smiles. "Mother, don't be angry, but do we not—our class—get too much into the way of thinking that no good thing can exist outside our own little set: that to be outside the imaginary pale we have drawn round our exclusiveness is to be utterly unworthy of existence? Tell me—tell me candidly—do you know, amongst the Lisles and De Veres, the Chichesters and Somersets, a sweeter, purer-looking girl than Miss Harwood? Is there one of my innumerable cousins who moves more gracefully, speaks with truer refinement?"

The countess was silent. She was a clever woman. She adored her son. He was the only child, the heir to the old title, the great wealth of the Lisles. There were few sacrifices she would not have made to secure his happiness. But marry a Miss Harwood, a nobody! Yes, worse than a nobody!—the daughter of the money-lender who had "stolen" Rainford Hall from the Yorkes!

She said no more, and, in silence, the two reached home.

The countess went straight to the earl's "study"—a den in which he kept his rods and guns, pipes, tobacco, the Horsekeepers' Guide, and the Farmers' Manual.

He was cleaning a pipe with a feather, and, in his knickerbocker suit and leather gaiters, would have looked like an ordinary farmer but for his face; that, with its delicate contour, its hooked nose, and clear, commanding eyes, was the face of an aristocrat. "My lord, the earl," looked from every feature of it.

"Well, Agnes?" he said, seeing that something was the matter. "Back? Tea ready? Where have you been? Ah! yes, to the Hall. Well?"

"Talbot," said the countess, looking round for a chair that was not dusty or lumbered up, and failing to find one.

He swept one clear of its litter, and placed it for her with the courtesy of a lover. He might look like a farmer, but his manners were those of a grand seigneur.

"Talbot," she said, as she sank into the chair, "I am in trouble. Yes; I have been to the Hall, and—and—I wish that I had not gone."

He nodded, and patiently put down his pipe.

"Girl quite too bad for anything, I suppose?" he said philosophically. "Never mind; it can end there."

"No," said the countess; "she is quite too good!"

He looked at her expectantly.

"She is—yes, she is really beautiful, lovely," she went on reluctantly. "And her manners," she sighed, "they are perfect. She is as quiet as a mouse and as graceful as a fawn."

The earl laughed.

"You seem to have fallen in love with her," he said with evident amusement.

The countess colored.

"No, I have not," she said. "But St. John has."

He stared at her. All the amusement vanished from his face

"What! Are you serious, Agnes?"

"Quite serious," she responded. "He has fallen in love with her. He told me so in so many words, quite plainly."

The earl put his lips into a whistling form, but refrained from the actual sound.

"Why, he only saw her this morning!" he exclaimed.

"I know," assented the countess despairingly. "It is madness, of course; but—but I do not know what to do. It is evident that she has made a deep impression upon him. I never saw or heard anything like it; so sudden—so grave! What is to be done, Talbot? I—I have spoken to him, and reminded him that she is quite unknown to us, that—that all her antecedents, relations, may be, probably are, common and—and unacceptable, but he retorted with some Radical, Socialistic nonsense. Where do the young men learn it all? At college; where? Oh, dear!"

The earl pursed his lips, and stared at the faded carpet.

"St. John is no fool," he said. "And for all his gentle, womanish ways and appearance he has—well, I was going to say your strength of will. I won't say obstinacy, Agnes." And he made her a little smile and bow.

"Thank you, Talbot!"

"You remember how, as a boy, he generally managed to get his own way by sheer mulishness—gentle mulishness, if you like. If he has fallen in love with this girl—well, I don't know what is to be done."

"But," almost wailed the countess, "she is—we don't know what or who she is! Her people—think what they may be, Talbot."

"St. John wouldn't marry her people," said the earl, thoughtfully. "Look here, Agnes; it is time St. John married. I was married, thank God!" and he looked at the handsome face tenderly, "before his age. It is absolutely necessary that he should marry. He is our only son—don't forget that."

"Do you think that I forgot it?" she responded in a low voice.

"He might do worse; you say the girl is perfect——"

"No; I said——" She faltered and stopped.

"Quite so, my dear. And he thinks that she is perfect notwithstanding that she is a nobody. Well," he raised his head with a pride that was too proud to be called pride, "he has birth and blood and position enough for them both."

"Then you give in at once!" exclaimed the countess, aggrievedly.

"No I don't," he said, rubbing his thin, grizzled hair. "What I should advise—but fancy my venturing to advise you, Agnes!" and he smiled. "I should ask her—but, of course, she will return your call quickly?"

"I am not so sure," said the countess, pensively. "She did not seem at all delighted or overcome by our visit, rather—as I thought—to regret it. I don't know that she will call soon. I got the idea that she did not—did not very much wish to make our acquaintance. At any rate, she did not jump at us."

"All this is amazing," he said. "But you'd better get her here and let me see her; if you don't you may be sure that St. John will make opportunities of meeting her—you see I remember what I was at his age. Do you remember how I used to follow a certain young lady about?"

The countess colored.

"We are not talking about our young days, Talbot," she said, softly; "but about poor St. John. Well, I'll have her here, and you shall see her. Will you speak to St. John?"

"Not if I know it," said the earl, with emphatic promptness. "I've never entered into an argument without getting beaten; besides, he would only smile at me with that look of you in his eyes, and in the gentlest way possible let me know that he intended doing as he liked. St. John is a fraud; he looks as easy and soft as a girl, and is as 'damned obstinate.' Oh, I beg your pardon, Agnes; it was a quotation.

The countess sighed.

"You never will help me, Talbot!" she said; but she uttered the reproach in the tone which acknowledges its injustice, and the earl, not at all offended, smiled as he courteously opened the door for her.

When Lady Dockitt came home and heard that the Countess of Lisle had called she was delighted; but a certain unresponsiveness in Nance's face caused her to restrain any expression of her delight and satisfaction.

"How strange your meeting Lord St. John in that way; quite romantic! And how very nice of the countess to call so quickly! I hear that she is a very pleasant woman when you know her, and not nearly so proud as they give her credit for being. And Lord St. John, is he nice?"

"Nice?" said Nance, looking up from her book. "I don't know. Yes, I suppose so."

Lady Dockitt glanced at Nance curiously. Such indifference—indeed, apathy—were remarkable.

"Of course you know they are very great people?" she said. "If you remember, my dear, I told you about them and the Court the other day."

"Yes," said Nance. "But I am afraid I have forgotten."

"We shall have to return the call very soon," said Lady Dockitt, as if communing with herself.

Nance looked up again.

"Why should we?" she said with visible reluctance. "The countess merely called out of politeness, because I had given Lord St. John a ride. Why should she want to know us? She is so great a lady that she must have quite enough friends already; and, besides, I——" Lady Dockitt waited, and Nance, with slightly heightened color, went on, "I do not want to know them—particularly. I am very happy."

"But, my dear Christine!" urged Lady Dockitt, "surely you are not averse to making friends? They are our nearest neighbors!"

"I like to be quiet. I am quite happy," said poor Nance.

Lady Dockitt was as wise in her way as the countess in hers. "Well, we will call when you like, my dear," she said, meaning to be patient and bide her time.

But on the next day action was forced upon them. There came a note, stamped with the Lisle coat-of-arms in red and gold, from the countess.

"Dear Miss Harwood," it said, "I am out so much, that I am so afraid we might not be at home when you return our call. To avert this accident, which would be a veritable disappointment to us, will you and Lady Dockitt waive all ceremony, and come over to lunch with us to-morrow? We shall be quite by ourselves. We lunch at two, and very much hope to see you."

"It is quite the kindest note," exclaimed Lady Dockitt. "It is amazingly civil and friendly. It would be quite impossible to refuse."

"Very well," said Nance, with a sigh of resignation; "we will go."

"I will order the barouche," said Lady Dockitt, all in a flutter of excitement, but Nance said quietly—

"Can we not go in the jingle, Lady Dockitt?"

The old lady looked at her for a moment, then nodded. "Yes! I see!" she said, and as she left the room she wondered where Nance had got her exquisite taste and delicacy of tact from. A lace-girl!

Nance displayed that taste in the fashion of the dress she choose for the visit, as well as the vehicle. She wore a plain, quite plain, dove-colored merino. It was not pinched in at the waist, and it was quite devoid of ornament. There were no rings on her fingers, no single article of jewelry about her. The simple dress was not even fastened at the throat with a brooch, but by a small bow of ribbon. The only touch of bright color was that of an apple-green scarf round her waist.

As she entered the stately drawing-room of the Court, all there waiting to receive her—the earl, the countess, and, most of all, St. John—were conscious of a pleasant shock of admiration and approval.

With her soft sad eyes, her red gold hair, her plain, "restful," reposeful dress, she looked dove like, virginal. The earl had been prepared for a pretty, a beautiful girl, but the characteristics of Nance's loveliness, essential purity and maidenliness, took him by surprise.

His heart went out to her at the first moment.

The countess sighed inwardly as she saw her. It seemed to her quite hopeless to cure St. John's fancy for this exquisite specimen of maidenhood. If only the girl were in their own set! If only she were somebody of whom they knew something!

As for St. John, as he bent over Nance's small, delicately shaped hand, the color left his face, and his eyes grew heavy. His love for her grew into gigantic proportions, absorbed his whole being. The countess, all of them, were very pleasant and friendly. How could they be otherwise to this lovely young creature, who instead of being "pushing" and self-assertive, as they had expected her to be, seemed anything but glad to be there, and although perfectly self possessed and free from awkward embarrassment, quite as reticent and reserved as if she had been of the "blood of Vere de Vere."

They went into luncheon. For all their greatness the Lisles lived simply. By the way, all great people seem to hanker after simplicity. Is it true that the Prince of Wales's favorite lunch is a mutton chop and a boiled potato, served by a single servant, who leaves his august master as soon as the chop and potato are on his plate?

The butler alone waited, and Lord St. John or the earl got up and fetched things from the sideboard oftener than they asked the butler for them.

They sat round an oval table—Nance, of course, next the earl, with St. John opposite on the other side. St. John said little He seemed quite content to remain silent, his gentle, soulful eyes watching her face; but silent and unobtrusively, did nearly all the waiting upon her. It was he who had gathered the tiny posy and placed it beside her plate, and with what secret joy was he filled when he saw her take it up and look at it with dreamy approval and admiration. He himself had chosen the most delicate of the light wines in the famous cellar, and he himself leant across and filled her glass; helped her to the daintiest of the many dishes, and handed her the salt and pepper.

The earl noticed these close attentions, but Nance did not appear to do so, as she listened to Lord Lisle, and seemed to have forgotten St. John's presence. Lord Lisle had expected that he should be unable to find any subject of which they could talk, but he was soon undeceived. Though Nance said little, she soon made it plain that she understood what he was talking about; and soon they had got into a discussion on the housing of the poor, of which, to his astonishment, Nance showed an intimate knowledge.

"You have some good ideas, my dear Miss Harwood," he said, "and I suppose you mean to carry them out on the Rainford estate?"

"Yes," said Nance. "But," she smiled, "I must go very slowly. The people are very conservative and tenacious of the old state of things, but I hope to be able to convince them that it is far better to live in a cottage with six rooms instead of two or four, and that a slate roof is more healthy than a thatched one."

She spoke in the gentlest way, in the softest of voices, but the earl as he listened was reminded of his son. He was as gentle and soft spoken, but had a will of his own.

"You are fond of the country," he said. "Do you ride?"

"No," said Nance, with a smile. "I have never had an opportunity. I do not know how to ride."

"It is a pity," said the earl. "But it is soon remedied. You would learn very quickly, I am sure."

He looked at the graceful, supple figure as he spoke, and thought how well it would look in a Redfern habit, mounted on a good horse.

"Do you think so?" said Nance simply. "I will try, some day."

Presently the countess rose.

"Don't be long," she said, looking at the earl and St. John. "You will find us on the terrace, unless Miss Harwood should think it too cold.

"Yes," said the earl, as the door closed on the ladies, and St. John, who had opened it for them, came back to his seat. "Yes, she is very beautiful. But there is something strange about her."

"Strange?" echoed St. John, flushing hotly.

The earl smiled as he laid his hand upon his son's arm.

"Don't knock my head off, St. John. Yes, strange. When she is not speaking there is the saddest look in her eyes which I have ever seen in those of a woman, to say nothing of a young girl. She is very fascinating. I don't wonder at your infatuation—yes, my boy, your mother has told me, and if she had not," he added with a smile, "I should have learnt it from your face. You are very badly hit, I suppose, eh?"

St. John raised his eyes, and there was a firm, resolute expression in their softness.

"Very badly, sir," he said in a low voice. "Miss Harwood is the only woman I shall ever marry."

"Thanks," said the earl, dryly. "Well, you and your mother will have to settle it between you; but I warn you that your mother is opposed, not unreasonably, to the match—we know nothing of Miss Harwood—and that I never interfere with your mother or oppose her, never have and never will."

"She is an angel!" said St. John.

"Your mother?" inquired the earl, blandly.

"You have but to look in her face, into her eyes, to see the purest, whitest soul that ever dwelt outside heaven."

The earl smiled almost sadly.

"No, no, my boy," he said quietly, as St. John, hurt by the smile, made a move of resentment; "I did not sneer. I was only remembering my own youth and—and your mother's; I thought, felt, just the same about her. And," his voice grew very low, "I think so still. There, don't sit fidgeting any longer, but join your angel. Stop!" he added, as St. John rose; "let me give you a word of advice, if I may be so presumptuous."

St. John stood waiting.

"Angels are soon frightened. Don't alarm yours, or she will take wings and fly away from you, perhaps for ever."

St. John went on to the terrace, his heart beating wildly.

The countess and Lady Dockitt were seated in a sunny and secluded nook; Nance was leaning on the stone railing, looking dreamily at the exquisite view, a scene in which sunny lawns and russet tinted woods formed the conspicuous features.

The countess had, after the manner of her kind, been trying to learn something of the lovely unknown. But Lady Dockitt was also a woman of the world, and though apparently frank and candid, told her little.

"My dear Christine is an orphan," she said. "Her mother died when she was quite a child; her father died a few months ago. He was a merchant—an old friend of the Yorkes, whom he had befriended. The Hall came into Christine's hands in the most honorable way, I beg of you to believe, Lady Lisle. If she had not had it, it would have fallen into the hands of far worse people, Jews, for instance."

"And has she any relations?" asked the countess, in a tone of polite indifference which masked her anxiety.

"None, absolutely none," replied Lady Dockitt, emphatically. "She is—but for me—quite alone in the world—poor girl!"

She was far too wise to launch into praises of her ward, but left the matter just where it stood.

It was all very vague and unsatisfactory, and the countess suppressed a sigh. If only St. John had taken a fancy to one of his cousins! And there were so many from whom he could have chosen.

St. John went straight to Nance.

"It is almost like summer," he said, as he approached her; "but are you sure you are warm enough? Shall I get you a shawl—something?"

"No, thank you, Lord St. John. I am quite warm enough."

"This is due south, and sheltered," he said, "but I wanted to take you into the garden to see the house from the lawn, and it may be cooler there. Let me get you a wrap?"

He went off—he scarcely limped to-day—and returned with her hooded cape, and, as he put it over her shoulders, he thought it the sweetest, daintiest out-door garment that ever milliner had planned. His hand shook as it touched her shoulder, shook with the deep reverence of his passionate love.

They went down the wide stone steps into the garden, and then he asked her to turn round and look back.

The Court was not so old as the Hall, but it was larger and grander, and in its way more picturesque; and it was evident that it was the last quality which St. John wanted her to admire.

"It is beautiful!" said Nance. And, as she spoke, there stole upon her—why she knew not—the remembrance of the dingy Eden-row in far away Chelsea. What a change had come over her life! She, the poor lace-girl, was now the owner of a place almost as grand as this, was the friend of an earl! She, Nance Grey! Why even the name had changed, and she was Christine Harwood, mistress of Rainford Hall! She sighed.

Slight as the sigh was St. John caught it.

"I know what you are thinking," he said, in a low voice.

Nance started.

"You are thinking that it looks too dreamy, too sleepy. That it strikes a discordant note in these moving, stirring days. Yes, that is just what I felt. I am ashamed of all this luxury, this old-world sleepiness—it is almost death in life! Sometimes I wish that I had been born poor, a workman toiling—honestly—for his daily bread. Do you understand me, Miss Harwood? Have you never felt that?"

It was on the tip of Nancy's tongue to say, "I have worked for my daily bread," but she suppressed the desire.

"I do not think you would have liked it," she said instead, and with a strange smile.

"I don't know," he continued. "I think they are happier—the working classes—happier than we imagine they are. We know more about them now than we used to do; one can understand their trials and their trouble, and feel for them."

"Yes," said Nance, softly. She was thinking how little he knew, he and his class, even now of the lives of the millions who earned their bread by the sweat of their brows.

"Yes, I often wonder why they submit so patiently to the fearful inequalities of life. I wonder that they do not rise and crush us, we who have all the wealth and the ease, the purple and fine linen of existence."

"I suppose it is because they do not know their power," said Nance, dreamily. "Or perhaps, because they are too tired and weak with years of suffering and unceasing toil to make a stand, and rise to claim their share in the good things."

Lord St. John gazed at her with reverent admiration. She had said nothing very clever or remarkable, but it seemed to him as if pearls of wisdom had dropped from the soft red lips, curved with the sad smile which lent them an added charm.

They walked side by side slowly, and sometimes in silence, through the magnificent gardens, whose autumn flowers almost rivalled those of midsummer, then passed under a lofty arch into the stable yard.

"I didn't ask you whether you liked horses?" he said, his large soft eyes seeking hers apologetically.

"I like all animals," said Nance, and a sigh rose to her lips as she remembered Becky, whose satin-smooth neck she used to fondle and kiss.

"My father is rather proud of his horses," said St. John. "He really understands them—which means more than it sounds at first hearing. I suppose you have a number of horses?"

"Yes, I think so," said Nance. "I think that all the horses are there where the Yorkes left, and Mr. Graham has brought others. I do not know for certain."

"You prefer the little pony-cart?" he said, thinking how perfectly her love of simplicity harmonised with the purity of her beauty. "I understand," softly, as if he had read her mind. "But I think you would like to ride. Come and see this horse. Do not be afraid, she is quite quiet."

"I am not afraid," Nance said with a smile, and she went up and patted a handsome mare in the loose box which they had entered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. F.: "You write such short letters when you are away. I don't see why you couldn't write me nice long ones, as you did when we were engaged." MR. F.: "Honestly, my dear, I didn't suppose you would have any time to read them. In the days when we were engaged you had no housekeeping to attend to."

### A SUMMER SONG.

BY F. F. A.

Out among the bracken
All the livelong day,
Where the birds are singing,
And the lambkins play—
Where the cooing ringdove
And the cuckoo call,
While the glorious sunshine
Shineth over all.

Out among the meadows,
Out among the hay,
Fill'd with pleasant fancies—
Dreaming life away—
Gaily let us wander,
Free from worldly thrall,
While the glorious sunshine
Shineth over all.

# The Wolf's Month.

BY E. M. S.

IN THE year 1836 I traveled in Russia. It was then that I began my journey, or rather began to follow the fitful wanderings of a wealthy eccentric uncle. For nearly eighteen months I followed his footsteps. Most of that time we were in Russia. My uncle, Mr. Frank Harewood, was always what people call "odd," and after the death of his wife, a good, gentle woman, who had power to soften his roughness and keep in check his eccentricity, he became more restless and singular than ever. I, his only nephew, and an orphan, became a great favorite, and his almost constant companion. From the age of nine I had been like his own child, and made my home with him.

Just nineteen in the summer of 1835, I began the study of the law, which I pursued under difficulties, for my good uncle, though liking my choice of a profession, and helping me with money and advice, yet provad himself a stumbling-block in my way, though not intentionally or ill naturedly so. Rarely could I count upon a day of uninterrupted study. Again and again, when quietly seated down to my books, my uncle would burst unceremoniously into the room, and carry me off on some fishing, shooting, riding or sailing excursion.

Sometimes I would refuse to go, but I always regretted it, for my poor lonely uncle seemed to lose all enjoyment without me. So when he entered my room, and said in his clear, cheery voice, "Here, Dave, just pitch those books out of the window, or anywhere else out of my sight, and go with me," I almost always obeyed, and sometimes for a whole week they would remain just as I had left them; for, as it most frequently happened, the expedition of a day would be made to extend through a week at least.

Thus matters went on for nearly a year. I learned little, for I studied little, and I came to the conclusion that unless I made a bold stand and devoted myself to my studies, I should never make my name in the world. I signified as much to my uncle, and he called me a "good boy," and promised not to tempt me to any more negligence. For one week I got along bravely, studying hard, and making progress in proportion. I only saw my uncle at meal times, when he pleasantly bantered me on my close application.

One day I had just hurried myself in the depths of my luxurious easy chair, with a huge law book upon the reading-desk before me, when the door opened, and Uncle Frank entered. I looked up, expecting a renewal of our old life; but he was so grave and quiet, that I saw something graver than a fishing excursion or ride was on the carpet; so I closed my book, and prepared to listen to him. Uncle Frank took a seat before me, and, while quietly destroying one of the quill pens I had made with great care and trouble not an hour ago, he began—"Tired of study by this time, Dave?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"I didn't know but you might be so," said he. "Just dropped in to propose a little expedition."

I laughed as I said—

"Away, tempter! I am only on the first round of the ladder, where I have just been balancing myself for a year past. No, Uncle Frank, I am not tired of study, and cannot join you in any expedition."

"Make up your mind fully to that, my boy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Come, come," said my uncle, "think better of it, Dave. I want you to go with me."

"Much obliged to you," said I; "but I can't do it."

"You are an ungrateful young rascal!" said he.

"Not so, uncle," I returned. "I'd be more worthy that name if I gave up my study, and consequently all chance of supporting myself."

"Tush, Dave!" said he. "I've got plenty for both of us as long as we both shall live. Can nothing tempt you to give up your studies this once?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"Wouldn't a proposal to take a trip to Russia rather shake your determination?" asked my uncle, rather maliciously.

Now a trip to Russia had been from early boyhood one of my Spanish castles. France, Italy, Spain, Rhineland, had no charms compared with those which frozen Russia held out to me. Perfectly healthy, and rather glorying in cold weather, I dreamed of Russia, of all the frozen lands then known. So when my uncle asked the foregoing question, I detected a pleasant malice in his voice. I merely answered, quietly, "That won't do. I know you hate cold weather, Uncle Frank, and would as soon go to Africa and camp out on the Desert of Sahara, as to Russia. Let me study."

Uncle Frank laughed one of his soul-stirring, cheery laughs, and rising, he said, "Well, Dave, make hay while the sun shines; study as hard as you can for ten days, because at the end of that time you and I are to set sail for Russia."

"Uncle Frank!" said I.

"Call 'Uncle Frank' as much as you please," said he. "In ten days we start for Russia; and mind me, young man, if I catch one of those law books smuggled in any of your traps, I'll pitch them overboard, and maybe you after them. Now go on with your studies, and don't let what I have told you distract your attention."

And, with a kind of malicious chuckle, he left the room.

At dinner that day my uncle made no allusion to the expedition, and I almost began to fear it was only a joke, except I never knew my good, odd uncle to joke in that way. In the evening, however, he told me all his plans, and that night I laid my head on my pillow, feeling certain of my happiness.

The ten days passed sluggishly enough; I read very little law, but very much of Russia. At last we started. Our voyage was like every other voyage; nothing of any note happening but a sailor tumbling overboard. That saddened me somewhat, for I was young, and had been but little out in the world.

We traveled all through Russia, but met with no adventures till we came to Esthonia. There an exciting scene took place, which I shall never forget; and I heard a story I shall give as it was told to me.

We arrived in Esthonia (anciently called "Esthland" or "Revel") in December, which because of the ravages by the wolves, which are there savage and audacious with hunger, is called "Viku Mehnes," or "Wolf's Month." The peasants were rather a miserable set, and much addicted to falsehood and drunkenness. The stories I heard of the wolves, their ferocity and boldness, made my heart quiver, but still filled me with a wild desire to be an eye-witness to some fearful scene. I think the same reckless idea must have possessed my worthy uncle, for hearing one day that a relation of the innkeeper's with whom we lodged was going with his daughter to visit the bedside of his dying father, Uncle Frank got a seat for both of us in the sledge. To the peasant's two horses we added three.

"One for the wolves, and two for ourselves," said Uncle Frank.

My heart glowed with the prospect of a struggle with the savage beasts. Well wrapped up and well-armed, we started. The peasant was a hard, coarse man, and his daughter simply pretty, and rather stupid. I could gain no amusement from her society; so leaning back in the sledge, which rushed swiftly over the snow, drawn by the five good horses, I had nothing better to do than listen to every noise with an impatient heart. The first half of the journey was passed without accident. The road now ran along the skirts of a dense pine forest. Suddenly my uncle raised his head, and the peasant girl before me shuddered, and bowed hers.

"Be ready, Dave, my dear boy, and take good aim! Lose not a single shot!"

The deep tones of my uncle's voice damped my enthusiasm, and the sight which met my eyes on looking back robbed me of all my glowing romance. I did not turn sick with fear, nor loose my cool courage, but I felt that real danger followed quick upon us, as I looked at the troop of wolves which came rushing over the snow with that long, vigorous, lapping trot, I had so often read about. The horses heard the fearful, deep howl with which the beasts approached, and of their own accord sprang forward with wild eyes and distended nostrils. Slowly but surely the wolves gained upon us. So near was the foremost that I could hear his deep pants, see his glaring eyes, and open, red mouth.

"Be ready, Dave, and fire!" said Uncle Frank, taking aim.

I followed his example, and at a word two wolves rolled in the snow, giving up their life with a prolonged howl. The troop for a moment or two gathered round their dead comrades, then pushed on in pursuit with renewed vigor. Again and again Uncle Frank and I fired, with the same result. At last the forest grew thinner, as did the number of our pursuers. One great gaunt fellow hung on the chase. Both my uncle and myself had expended all our ammunition, and my heart began to sink as I watched this savage beast following with unswerving, unfaltering leaps, each moment gaining on us.

"Uncle," I exclaimed, "all our powder's gone, what shall we do?"

"We can but give up one of the horses to him, Dave. Keep a good heart."

"That of course I shall do," said I. "He gains upon us."

Raising his voice, Uncle Frank bade the driver give one of the horses to the beast.

"No more powder!" said he. "Loose the horse I brought on purpose, or the wolf will spring upon the sledge."

The man hastened to obey, but owing to his stupidity in harnessing, the animal could not be got loose as soon as we expected.

"Cut him loose!" said my uncle. "Cut either of them loose! David, my boy, be cool and steady."

While the man, almost powerless with terror, fumbled with the fastenings, the savage beast gained the side of the sledge, and with a deep howl sprang upon the side—his red tongue nearly touching my face, his hot, panting breath fanning my cheek. Here then was the romance of a wolf chase in Russia! Raising my musket, I struck the brute with the butt end of it and crushed his skull, and howling, he slackened his hold and rolled upon the snow, which was soon reddened with his blood. He was the last of the pursuers, and we reached our destination in safety. I felt glad that I had figured in the scene, but had no desire to go through another.

We stayed a few days in the little village which we had reached through so much peril, and it was there I heard the following story.

The village where we stopped was small, and of course, being strangers, we were noticed and much talked about. The first two days of our stay I noticed an old, weather beaten peasant, who, walking with a crutch, hovered near us. The sight of this man filled me with sorrow, and aversion too. One day he entered the room where we sat. He awkwardly doffed his cap, and said he had come to hear from our own lips the account of our escape.

Perfectly good-naturedly Uncle Frank related the scene. The old peasant listened attentively, and when the recital was finished, rose.

"Many thanks, sir, for your kindness," said he. "Your boy there is a brave and handsome one. My little Alexandrovich would have been just his age had he lived—poor fellow!"

The evident sorrow of the old man drew from my uncle the question, as to what had happened to him.

"The wolf, sir," said the man, as he moved to the door.

"If not too painful, we would hear the story, my worthy fellow," said my uncle kindly. One of Uncle Frank's weaknesses was an insatiable thirst for stories.

"I fear it would tire you, sirs," said he.

"No, no," said my uncle, eagerly; "sit down, and let us hear it."

The man obeyed, and here is his sad story—

"Ten years ago wolves were more numerous than they are now, and a bounty was offered for them. Then a war was waged by all the peasants against these beasts. My Elise and I had been married ten years, and our only child, little Alexandrovich, was nine years old. My wife was a pretty fearless woman, and while I was off hunting, would go into the woods after fagots, and once or twice brought home a wolf's cub. One day she showed me with great triumph three wolf's cubs, which she had killed with stones while they were drinking. She was going to throw them into the yard, when little Alexandrovich begged to be allowed to keep them for a little while to play with them. It was summer, and the windows were open. As my boy played with the little dead beast, I thought I heard a cry, a low mournful cry, as if of a dog in distress. At this sound, my old father sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, 'Michael, throw the cubs from the window! The old she-wolf hunts for them! Another howl and our lives are worthless! Do you forget that a wolf's howl betokens misfortune and death?'

"Such is the superstition of our people," parenthesized the man. "I seized the cubs, but too late, the wolf mother, a gigantic beast, sprang into the window, and fell upon my child. She had tracked her young by the blood, and now came to rescue them. We were wholly unarmed, and before I could take my gun from its nail, the savage brute had fairly torn my child—my only child—limb from limb. Just at that moment my brave wife entered the room, and seeing that her child was in danger, she raised the heavy stick of wood she carried, and sprang forward, to struggle with the brute.

"My gun now was useless, for I could not use it for fear of shooting my wife, so dropping it, I seized my knife and grappled with the wolf; and my father threw the cubs from the window, hoping thus to cause the beast to leave. My wife died before I could rescue her—then the beast turned upon my father and myself. Both fought like tigers; but the maddened, ferocious animal was too much for us. My father, too, fell dying by my side, and I sunk exhausted on the floor, which was slippery with the life-blood of all who were dear to me in this world. Missing her young, the creature, though wounded desperately, sprang from the window. The next day she was found dead a few yards from the house. My wife, child, and father dead, I had a brain fever, which, together with the fearful wounds I had received, kept me at death's door."

The old man here threw back his shirt, and displayed across his back fearful scars made by the savage wolf.

"Much better had it been for me, if I had died then," he continued. "My grief made me a lonely old man, and my wound a cripple for life—unable to work so as to earn my bread—a lonely old man, dependent upon the charity of others. Good day!"

"Stay, my good fellow!" exclaimed Uncle Frank, his face glowing with emotion. "Let me help you. Here is a purse, which will serve you for many a day. May God bless you, and take you soon to him!"

"Amen," said the man; and after profusely thanking my uncle, he hobbled out of the room, and we never saw him again.

When our host brought us our tea that night, my uncle spoke to him of the poor fellow.

"What is the name of that old lame man I have seen since I came here?"

"That is Michael Tomsk," he replied; "an old rascal!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked my uncle.

"That he is the worst man in the village," replied our host; "and if it were not for shortening his misery, no one would relieve him."

"You must be mistaken," said my uncle.

"Not at all," was the reply.

"Why, he has just told me a story of suffering, which fairly made me shudder, and I gave him money," said my uncle.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed our host. "Was it the wolf story?"

"He told me of his fearful struggle with a wolf which killed his whole family," said my uncle.

"All a lie!" said our host.

"All a lie?" said Uncle Frank, bounding from his chair.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "He was the wolf himself."

"Had the story no foundation?" asked my uncle.

"Very little," was the reply.

"Tell me the truth," said my uncle.

"This is it," said our host—"Michael Tomsk is, and always has been, one of the worst men in the village—bad-tempered and drunken, he was the wolf of his household. He had a wife and one child, whom he used to abuse awfully. His wife was a beautiful, high spirited, courageous woman, and often added to her support by fearlessly trapping and killing wolves. One day, in a fit of drunkenness and bad temper, he so abused his little son, a bright little fellow, that he died. His mother, in trying to defend her little boy, the sole joy of her life, received her death blow from the powerful arm of the father, and——"

"He showed me the fearful scars inflicted by the wolf," gasped my uncle, in one last effort to preserve the truth of his story.

"A little patience, sir," continued our host. "That same night he and his father, a man his equal in strength and wickedness, had a fierce quarrel, and Michael stabbed him to the heart. He was taken and sentenced, and those scars you saw are the marks of the knout!"

"The knout!" exclaimed Uncle Frank, with a shudder. "I thought few ever received that punishment and lived!"

"Few do," was the reply. "No other man, except he was such a savage as Michael Tomsk, could. He was knouted and left for dead, and how he ever came to life none can tell. He leads a wretched life; beaten, cursed, half-starved and homeless, he is atoning for his fearful crimes."

The inn-keeper left, and my uncle paced up and down the room, more angry than I have ever seen him before.

"I could kill him, myself;" he muttered; and there the subject dropped. I did not dare to allude to it; and now, if I want to put my good kind old uncle out of sorts, and in a fit of bad temper (as bad as he ever gets in, good man!) I have but to say: "Viku Mehnes, or Wolf's Month!"

## Romance of a Day.

BY L. F. A.

IT WAS a glorious day in Summer when a hawking party stood grouped around the steps of an old baronial residence belonging to the earl of Silverdown. Nothing could be more lovely than the picture thus presented. The ancient castle rearing its stately turrets in the background; the sunshine flooding all the landscape, and the noble trees which, arching overhead, seemed to form a frame to a group of lovely girls, and courtiers resplendent in all the splendor of the reign of Charles II., who stood laughing and talking, yet ever and anon turning an expectant glance on the castle door.

It cannot be the earl they look for, as he is confined to the solitude of his room by an attack of that most prosaic complaint, gout. Nor is it his daughter, for that is she in the habit of violet cloth and velvet hat just pushed coquettishly on one side so as to display more of the beautiful golden hair that threatens every moment to fall in profusion over her lovely shoulders.

But now they are joined by a gentleman habited in a buff suit richly ornamented with lace collar and ruffles. It is the Merry Monarch himself; and, while all hats are off, be vaults to his seat; then, while waiting for the others, he turns round and leisurely surveys the beautiful damsels before him. Some simpered and gave themselves airs under this scrutiny; others colored deeply, and became embarrassed. Lord Silverdown's daughter, Lady Leonore, alone seemed unconscious, and mounted her palfrey with an easy grace that has seldom been equalled. As they rode off, the king beckoned one of the gentlemen who rode near, and said:

"So this is the pretty bird that my Lord of Silverdown has kept so long secluded? By my halidome, a precious morsel, and well worth the keeping. But how comes it, Dudley, that she rides alone? Methinks were I one of those near her I would win a smile from that fair face. Is it some secret attachment, think you, that keeps her so grave?"

"Nay, your majesty," said Dudley, "that cannot be, seeing she has pledged herself to a life of celibacy."

"Whew!" said the king. "Sits the wind in that quarter? Then methinks we shall see fair sport, for surely with such a prize in view, there be some gallant who will brave a few frowns. Harkye, gentlemen," he added, laughingly, "here is a beauteous damsel doomed to single blessedness; will no one rescue her from such a fate? Yes, Harry Beauchamp, will you undertake the capture of this fair one? If so, ride on; and be sure we shall mark your progress with interest."

Lord Harry Beauchamp bowed low in his saddle, touched his high-spirited Arab, and was almost instantly by Lady Leonore's side.

"Lady," he said, "permit me to compliment you on the wise resolve you have made."

She had taken no notice of him before; now she turned suddenly and fixed on him a surprised gaze.

"I, too," he continued, "am determined never to marry."

"You?" said Leonore. "But you cannot have the reason I have. Ah, surely you will grieve for me when you learn the cause. You see that wood that marks the boundary of my father's estate; beyond that belongs to Sir Frederick Courteney, an old man, almost in his second childhood. He seeks my hand, and my father has given his consent, in order that the estates may be joined. Rather than marry him I have vowed to remain single; but though I repeatedly tell this to both my father and Sir Frederick, I am still pestered with his attentions. And now that I see we are approaching his territry, I tremble lest he should join us."

"Fear nothing, lady," said he, "you have one by your side who will suffer no one you dislike to approach you. Besides, I, too, have a heavy and secret sorrow; and may I not hope that this may establish a bond of sympathy between us? Come, Lady Leonore," he added, "as you have confided in me, will you not let us be friends?"

"With all my heart," replied Lady Leonore, placing her hand in his.

"Nay, lady," he said, with a sorrowful earnestness, still holding her hand, "your heart goes not with these words."

Lady Leonore crimsoned, and remained silent. He perceived her embarrassment, and adroitly turned the conversation to indifferent subjects. Thus they rode for some time, when suddenly Lady Leonore drew his attention to a figure on horseback approaching them.

"My worst fears are realized," she said; "here is Sir Frederick! Oh, Lord Harry," she added, turning on him a beseeching look, "you say you will be my friend; then spare me an interview with this man. You know not how I dread meeting him."

Lord Harry Beauchamp made no other reply than by lifting her hand to his lips; than wheeling round, he rode up to Sir Frederick.

"I believe I am addressing Sir Frederick Courteney. I am Lord Harry Beauchamp." Sir Frederick bowed in acknowledgment of this information. "May I request a few moments' conversation?"

"Pardon me, Lord Harry Beauchamp, my first respects must be paid to the king. Never has Courteney failed in his duty to his monarch."

So saying, the old cavalier rode towards the royal party.

Perhaps Lady Leonore slightly gave reins to her fancy when she stated Sir Frederick to be in his "second childhood." He was a hale, bluff man, of decidedly more than middle age, who still delighted in all the amusements of the day. His horse was known in all the country side. Sleek, and well fed, like its master, it was never known to exert itself to more than a gentle amble. Sir Frederick seemed quite contented, saying "he and his horse had grown old together, and if they did not jog on in that way to the end of his days it should not be through his making a change."

He soon joined Beauchamp with, "Now, my lord, I am at liberty to hear anything you may have to impart to me."

"I wish to speak to you concerning Lady Leonore Silverdown," replied Lord Beauchamp, dashing into the subject with impetuosity. "I hear that you intend to make her your wife. Is that true?"

"I know not by what right you question my private affairs," he replied; "but I am proud to say that it is true. I hope soon to make her my wife."

"Never!" exclaimed his companion, with vehemence.

"How, sir?" and Sir Frederick laid his hand on his sword.

"Harkye, sirrah," continued the young man, "I love her—ay, ten times more than you can ever hope to do. I know that she has no love to give you, and I demand that you give up all right to her hand."

"No!" thundered the veteran. "I will at once to her father, and bid him hasten the preparations for the nuptials."

"Do so," said Beauchamp, coolly. "I have his majesty on my side."

Sir Frederick perhaps forgot the boasted allegiance of his family to the king even in trifles, for he strode off without deigning a reply.

Beauchamp hurried to the king, who exclaimed, as he drew near, "Methinks, my Lord Beauchamp, your horse sympathizes with your impetuous mood. How progresseth your suit? Does it progress, think you?"

"I, faith, your majesty, I think it is I who am caught."

"What! Harry Beauchamp in love? Describe us the sensations, man."

"First, your majesty, I feel great resentment when I hear her spoken of with disrespect. Secondly——"

"Enough—enough," laughed the king, who always enjoyed the plain speaking of his followers. "We will respect your feelings. But prithee tell us if thou hast learned the cause of her resolve."

Whereupon Harry Beauchamp related what had occurred. When he had finished Charles exclaimed, "We must to the earl, and persuade him to alter his decision—that is, if Lord Harry can satisfy us that the change will be agreeable to the lady. But we will ourselves endeavor to discover that."

So saying, the king rode towards Lady Leonore.

We must now digress a little in order to make the remainder of our narrative intelligible.

As is well known, the church party in England were never favorable to King Charles, and there were many fanatics who, instigated by the priests, sought continually an opportunity for placing the crown on the head of his brother, so that his life was constantly in danger. Although he knew this he could never be persuaded to take precautions against these attempts. One of the most inveterate of his enemies was even now hidden amongst the brushwood near them, waiting an opportunity to take aim when the king might be detached from his followers.

As King Charles was riding towards Lady Leonore, accompanied by Harry Beauchamp, the man half raised himself from his recumbent position. Lord Harry's attention was aroused by the slight noise he made in moving, and sprang forward in time to receive in his arm the ball intended for the king. The first notice Charles had of the danger he had escaped, was the sharp report of a pistol, and the simultaneous fall of Beauchamp from his horse, his bridle arm broken.

Lady Leonore no sooner saw him fall than she sprang to the ground, and was instantly on her knees by the wounded and now insensible man, repeating his name in low, agonized accents. The king also had dismounted, and was carefully wrapping a handkerchief round *his arm* to prevent the bleeding. The Court leech, who always accompanied him, rode up at this moment, and after examining the wound, declared it to be by no means dangerous.

Hitherto no one had paid much attention to the lady, who, still kneeling by the knight, was carefully supporting his head; but the irrepressible look of joy that crossed her countenance could not but attract notice. King Charles smiled, feeling there was no need for questions to be asked after that look. The first sight that met Beauchamp's gaze, was her fair face, full of anxious care, bending over him. He smiled, and strove to speak, but the effort only resulted in another return of unconsciousness.

Meanwhile some of his followers advanced towards the monarch leading a man with a pistol in his hand. They explained that immediately after the report, they perceived some one running in the direction of the wood. Suspecting that something was wrong, they gave chase, and speedily secured him.

"My friend," said Charles, turning to him with his usual affability, "what harm have I done you that you should thus seek my life?"

The man, astounded by this gentleness, when he expected to have been instantly shot, hung his head, ashamed, and, it is to be hoped, touched by the king's conduct.

"Remove him," continued the king. "Treat him with all kindness, and let him come again to our presence to-morrow. We will then speak to him."

His courtiers would have remonstrated, but he silenced them with a look, and turned again towards Beauchamp. He was now sufficiently recovered to remount, and his arm having been placed in a sling, they all rode slowly towards the castle. Arrived there, Charles went straight to the earl's apartment, and entered with, "My lord earl, we come to request a favor of you."

"It is granted, your majesty, before asked."

"Is it that you will forego to press Sir Frederick Courteney's suit on your daughter, and consent instead to her betrothal to Lord Harry Beauchamp."

The Earl of Silverdown meditated for a moment, and then said, slowly—"Your majesty asks me to resign the dearest wish of my heart, that the Courteney and Silverdown estates might be joined, in order that my daughter may marry a penniless ord."

"No, not penniless," said the king, "that shall be my care. Permit me now to send for them, that they may receive your sanction."

When, on their entrance, the earl explained wherefore their presence was required, Lady Leonore and Lord Harry, overcome with joy, fell on their knees before the king, who said, "To promote Lord Harry Beauchamp to higher honors shall be our business as well as pleasure."

At this moment a servant entered, and whispered a few words to him. Turning towards the earl, he continued—"We have just heard of the death of Sir Frederick Courteney, who fell down in a fit soon after leaving here. His estates are now the property of the Crown—or rather," he added, smiling, "they were a few minutes ago. They now belong to Lord Harry Beauchamp."

Thus, in the happiness of all, ended this "Romance of a Day."

## Scientific and Useful.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—It has been found that the growth of lettuce subjected to the rays of the electric light is considerably hastened, but unfortunately the operation of the electric light on other useful plants is not uniform.

THE CLOCK.—A French geographical society proposes to divide the face of the clock into 10 hours of 10 minutes and 100 seconds each. This is to make time uniform with the decimal system or count by tens. The count by twelves which now shows on the face of the clock survives from the earliest times—probably from long before the invention of letters.

HEAT AND GAS.—A new heating gas burner has been patented. This is a burner of the Bunsen type, but outside of and surrounding the flame is held a metal tube with air-receiving openings on its under surface and air-discharging apertures in its upper portion, impinged by the flame, thus, it is claimed, producing an intense heat and effecting more perfect combustion.

OF PAPER.—Paper telegraph poles are *the latest development of the art of making* paper useful. These poles are made of paper pulp, in which borax, tallow, etc., are mixed in small quantities. The pulp is cast in a mould, with a core in the centre, forming a hollow rod of the desired length, the cross pieces being held by key-shaped wooden pieces driven in on either side of the pole. The paper poles are said to be lighter and stronger than those of wood, and to be unaffected by the weather.

## Farm and Garden.

THE SCALES.—The fall is the time to use the scales. Weigh everything that goes into the barn and also that comes out. By so doing you will always know how much has been consumed and also how much remains on hand.

BULLS.—All deaths from bulls are due to the supposition that they can be made gentle. A bull that is apparently the most peaceful animal in the farm may suddenly, and without cause, become very dangerous. No bull should be allowed its liberty, but should be kept under control.

NITROGEN.—There is always a large proportion of nitrogen in barnyard manure, but the materials of the manure may not be immediately soluble, which renders the nitrogen unavailable until late in the season, should the manure be applied to the soil for early crops. For this reason a fertilizer rich in nitrogen should be used in connection with the manure, such as nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia, which may be applied to the soil when the manure is spread.

HOW TO QUIET VIOLENT HORSES.—According to a recent discovery, it has been found that it is quite enough to touch the nostrils of a horse, simply passing the fingers along the sides of his nose, to stop the activity of his heart and respiration, and to stop consciousness in a measure. It is well known now that most of those men who succeed in quieting violent horses put their fingers to that part, and sometimes inside the nares. Merely touching these parts may produce the same effect; pressing hard has more effect.

LOW SPIRITS and the "ALL GONE" feeling at the pit of the stomach, are best relieved by JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, taken perseveringly an hour after meals. It is particularly nice for ladies. Small 85, and double size 50 cents.

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### Of Nervous People.

The term "nervous," that is, relating to the nerves, is used in many and widely differing significations, though, of course, always, more or less, in reference to the substantive "nerves," whose primary meaning is the fine muscles, or ligaments of the human frame, so termed, and which are the especial conductors of pain or pleasure, whether mental or bodily, to the senses.

We will first deal with the word "nervous" in its physical acceptation, which is very commonly understood to mean "fanciful," when applied to the ailments of the body, and some painful and unjust mistakes are made from this erroneous belief. "Nervous complaints" are, in truth, complaints of that part of the organization of the body called the nervous system; and although this system is perhaps more especially connected with, and therefore dependent for health *or disease on the mind, yet it is not fair* to believe or treat its maladies as fanciful, or to suppose that the physician intends to stigmatize them as such when he pronounces them "nervous."

Persons who complain of being "so nervous," of their "poor nerves," etc., and who seem to feel a sort of pride in what they consider the delicacy of their mental organization, would hardly believe that they are either claiming for themselves a liability to, and partial affection of the most fearful malady common to man, or are confessing to a very weak indulgence of a useless, morbid, contemptible state of mind, and in many cases to a conveniently veiled bad temper; yet so it is.

A nervous person is in a decidedly unhealthy state of mind if the complaint is a genuine one, and this state is either constitutional, or the result of lamentable self-indulgence and of complete absence of self-control. Of course we except entirely from this condemnation those who have been brought into such a condition by bodily illness or severe mental affliction, and are speaking of the ordinary class of "nervous" persons, of whom we must in candor say that the majority are to be found among that sex, which if considered the weaker, is yet of the first importance, as the early trainers of the next generation, and whose errors in this respect have been perhaps treated too lightly.

Now, when the mistress of a family is "nervous," we may expect to find the household by no means either a happy or a well-ordered one. A real or fancied affection of this kind destroys all the self-possession, the consistency of rule, the calmness of temper, and cheerful energy, which are the very soul and mainspring of good management, and the essentials to the welfare and happiness of a family, or a yet larger establishment.

The variations of mood and spirits, the susceptibility to the slightest annoyance, the incapacity for enduring lesser or greater trials, the helpless inability to meet any sudden emergency, or call for exertion, which this unlucky malady entails on its victims, is equally miserable for the patients and for all with whom they come in contact. It is fairly impossible to meet their changing moods, or even guess the causes which affect them; hopeless to cheer their despondency, because the remedy, as well as the disease, can originate only in themselves. In any time of trial it is an additional source of anxiety to sustain them under its pressure; in any alarm, another claim on our fortitude is to calm and reassure them. Indeed, these helpless ones too often become so completely the petted and spoiled children of society, that it is almost a premium to faulty self-indulgence to be thus supported and guarded, as if they possessed a natural claim to exemption from the ills and labors of life. There are, indeed, beings so fragile, so unfit to contend with the storms of life, that it is a necessity and pleasure to shield them, as much as possible, from its rough winds; but it may generally be observed that these delicate hothouse plants make the least claim on the kindness of others, and are the last to obtrude their real tenderness of mind and body on the attention of those around them.

Another phase of nervousness is shyness in society. Now this is a very pardonable and mild form of the disease, and one which entails more uncomfortableness on the sufferer than any one else; and yet here again we may trace a mixture of feeling little suspected by the patient. Is it not in many cases the vanity, which we will not say apes, but assumes the garb of humility, which is at fault? Is it not an uneasy fear of what others will think, a consciousness that perhaps some inferiority may be observed, or that there is an inability to take a certain position in the company which produces shyness? Were self completely forgotten, were we content to remain in the background if necessary, or do our best without the ambition of shining, or obtaining the admiration of others, we should find this shyness and embarrassment, this nervousness in society, very much disappear, and a comfortable and graceful ease of manner and composure of feeling take its place.

There is no sure remedy against shyness, and consequent awkwardness, than a complete and charming unconsciousness of self, and of the impression which is being made upon others, and certainly no greater security for the very perfection of manner, a graceful self-possession, without any tinge of confidence or forwardness. There would no longer be a painful nervousness in doing anything before others, marring the effect of the performance, and preventing full justice being done to the real powers possessed, if persons would be content with doing their best, without a flutter of nervous anxiety about the effect produced.

There is another species of nervousness, generally termed timidity, or, in aggravated cases, cowardice, and which certainly is more constitutional and involuntary than the other forms of the malady hitherto touched upon. But even this may be very much controlled and overcome by a determined exertion on the part of the sufferer.

If a lady can but be ashamed instead of proud of being more timid than others—can but realize the self-torment, the helplessness, the actual danger of this cowardly nervousness—she will have no peace till she has conquered it, or, at least, brought it under some sort of control. Let her begin with hiding her fears, with "assuming the virtue" of courage, though she have it not, and she will by degrees feel what she professes, for nothing is so much encouraged and increased by open indulgence and unrestrained exhibition as fear.

We have known persons who, when with those whose courage could support them, are painfully and helplessly timid, giving way to the greatest paroxysms of terror, become comparatively brave and composed when with those as timid or even more so than themselves, from the knowledge that it would be useless and even dangerous to betray their terrors. And this is one of the stongest proofs of the possibility and the benefit of controlling the outward display of cowardly and timid feelings.

Those who value their own comfort and peace of mind, if they wish to take their proper station in society, and fulfil their duties aright, and to appear to the greatest advantage in general manner and deportment, should forget, as much as possible, the existence of weak "nerves," and endeavor to cultivate to the utmost calmness and self-possession, and quiet fortitude of character.

GOD offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please, you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings, and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinions; but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.

PERSONS who practise deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self-interest forbid him ever to make false pretences.

THERE is a proper pride that is commendable, and which is the offspring and the safeguard of self-respect. We should avoid haughtiness, arrogance and presumption; but we may and should harbor a proper degree of pride—a pride based upon self-respect, and which prompts us to endeavor to preserve it.

FIVE of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H: Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place; and that man sadly mistaketh, who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

THE accumulation of wealth is followed by an increase of care, and by an appetite for more. He who seeks for much will ever be in want of much. It is best with him to whom God has given that which is sufficient, though every superfluity be withheld.

TO show yourself irresolute, is to endow your enemy with confidence. We take courage in beholding a feebleness which is greater than our own.

HE who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, nor any below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place.

IF you ever promise at all, take care, at least, that it be to nobody that may suffer by trusting to you.

LET friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run out of breath.

CONFRONT improper conduct, not by retaliation, but by example.

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

**IDA GRAY.**—The Holy Grail was, or is—as legends never die—the cup in which the Saviour poured the wine of the Last Supper. It was of one pure and single emerald and yet was supposed to float about in the air, and to be obtainable only by one who was, like Sir Galahad, perfectly pure and chaste.

**FLODDEN.**—On September 9, 1513, the Scots, led by James IV., who had taken part with Louis XII. against Henry VIII., were met by the English, led by the Earl of Surrey, on the field of Flodden. The Scots were defeated and terribly cut up, losing 10,000 of the army, the king, and the very flower of his nobility; the English loss was small in comparison.

**MINNIE.**—Cold water applied to the palms of the hands and the nape of the neck. Let a full sponge be applied to the back of the head, and let the water trickle down the spine. Rub the back well with a towel. Try and indulge in cheerful thoughts, and take open air exercise when you can. Avoid tea and coffee; take porter, and meat diet as generous as your situation will permit.

**L. G. T.**—A lady who is engaged to a gentleman would do well to consult him, where possible, before going to balls or parties. If two young people begin by consulting each other before marriage, they will beget a mutual confidence. Still, we cannot say that the lady is not justified in going to parties if she has the consent of her parents and near friends. A little quiet explanation will remove the difficulty.

**BROOKLET.**—The natural shape of the cat's pupil is circular, though under various degrees of light it assumes every shape from the circle through all kinds of ovals to a straight vertical line. The younger the cat, the greater the tendency to become a pointed oval in ordinary light. In the smaller Felidæ, brilliant sunlight causes contraction to a line; in the larger, sometimes to a small circle. When a cat is suddenly alarmed, the pupil momentarily dilates; in sleep, it always contracts.

**M. S.**—1 Requiescat in pace means "May he rest in peace." It is a common inscription on tombstones in many countries. 2. The polar circles are drawn at a distance of 23½ degrees from the pole, because that distance marks the limits of the area within which there is found at least, one day in each year upon which the sun does not set. In the same way the tropic of Cancer and the tropic of Capricorn, drawn 23½ degrees from the Equator, mark the limits of the area in which the sun is vertical, some time in his yearly course.

**B. F. R.**—Wood cellulose can be converted into sugar, and used to make alcohol, but the compact texture of the wood makes the method expensive. The cellulose of peat moss, however, is now reported to have given more favorable results. The cellulose is converted into sugar by boiling the turf four or five hours in dilute sulphuric acid, when the expressed liquor is fermented with yeast and afterwards distilled. The dry turf is stated to yield rather more than half as much absolute alcohol as an equal weight of potatoes containing 20 per cent. of starch.

**A. N.**—1 The estimated population of the Chinese Empire is 374,626,000 2. You probably refer to the "Great Wall," or, as it is called in the Chinese language, "Wan li-chung" (myriad mile-wall), which was built by the first emperor of the Tsin dynasty, about 220 B. C., as a protection against the Tartar tribes. The length of this great barrier is 1,250 miles; including a parapet of 5 feet, the total height is 20 feet; thickness at the base, 25 feet; at the top, 15 feet. Towers occur at intervals of about 100 yards. These are 40 feet square at the base, and 30 feet at the summit, which is 37 feet, and in some instances 48 or 50 feet, from the ground.

**REPUBLICAN.**—It is doubtful if the simultaneous execution of all the monarchs in the world would now occasion such a sensation as the execution of Charles I. did at the time. In that day the "divine right of kings" was believed in almost universally Charles was in very fact believed to be "the Lord's anointed." To lay hands on him was supposed to be sacrilege of the deepest dye It was actually believed up to the last moment that an interposition of Divine Providence would prevent his execution, and for years afterwards millions of people lived in expectation of an exhibition of Divine wrath on account of what they called his martyrdom.

**READER.**—It has been discovered that bad and unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical products in the body, which are physically injurious. Good, pleasant, benevolent, and cheerful feelings create beneficial chemical products which are physically healthful. These products, it is declared, may be detected by chemical analysis in the perspiration of the individual. Everyone knows that great grief will poison a mother's milk; in fact, it generates an injurious chemical product so intense in character as to sicken the infant that draws its nourishment from the maternal fount. Of all the chemical products of emotions that of guilt is said to be the worst. If a small quantity of the perspiration of a person suffering from feelings of that kind be placed in a glass tube and exposed to contact with selenic acid it will turn pink. None of the other poisons similarly generated exhibit the same phenomenon. Accordingly, pink would appear to be the characteristic color of wrong doing. To sum up, it is found that for each bad emotion there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body, which is life-depressing and poisonous. Contrariwise, every good emotion makes a life-promoting change.

## OF OTHER DAYS.

BY H. H.

When youth's ethereal visions fly,
And fancy's gay delusions die,
We turn with fond yet tearful gaze
Unto the gifts of earlier days;
The gifts of those who now have gone,
And left us in the world alone.
And visions of the happy past,
That sunny spring too bright to last,
Conjured by Memory, arise,
So sadly-sweet, before our eyes.
And oh! how dearly are they prized,
  Those small mementoes of the past!
Wealth, honors, rank may be despised—
  Their sacred charm with life shall last.
And often will the fond eye gaze
Upon those gifts of earlier days.

## On the Edge.

BY G. C.

"BUT, my dearest child, you should think of others."

"Of others! Not myself, then, mother?"

"Others with yourself, dear."

The speakers paused. Each, in accordance with the workings of her heart, felt reproachful towards the other, and rested silent.

Mother and daughter arranging, after the futile fashion in which we imagine we may arrange, the future of the one immediately concerned. In the face of the former might be traced that mixture of care and contentment so commonly discernible in faces of matronly middle age, bespeaking the history that has been neither all joy nor yet all trouble, in that of the latter indication no further than displays the uncarven marble awaiting the sculptor's chisel: the room wherein she stood, the scene whereon she gazed, pretty well telling her history so far; the plain homely rectory drawing room bearing testimony that no outer fashions or frivolities had invaded its walls; portraits of ecclesiastical dignitaries and family photographs presiding in spaces unknown to looking glass or bric a-brac, magazines of the severest type and parish records on tables denied to novels or society papers, a basket of undarned socks close to hand, and outside the little lawn, with its flower-beds cut in the turf, the half of which had departed from their original heart, crescent, and diamond shapes into odd wavering outlines of nondescript form produced by the ministrations of the one factotum, gardener, groom, and coachman consolidated, who tended them, and which for all the eighteen years that the girl had looked upon them had presented unvaryingly the same aspect according to the same recurring season; crocuses giving way to ranunculuses, ranunculuses to geraniums, then after the first frosts a spell of bare brown earth until the crocus again started the routine.

Just now the geraniums were having their turn, and shone gaily forth; the bees were ruffling the spikes of mignonette that cropped up here and there amongst them with a pleasant lazy humming as they went; the air was sweet and heavy with the luscious breath of the blossom-laden lime trees; and the golden sun poured in through the open French window, caressing the curly bronzed head of the girl as she leant against it in her musing, as if kindly bidding her not so quickly to hurry away from them all. For to Eva Morrisson had arrived the hour wherein to decide the one way or the other the question that comes to almost every woman born of woman. "Here are the cross roads of your life," says Fate. "Choose now on which path you will tread it out."

The eldest of the large family which customarily clusters within lightly endowed rectory walls, she had chanced at a neighboring tennis party to meet with an Indian judge, whom at once she had captivated. Something about the girl's manner in its fresh frankness, about her appearance in its bonny youth and lissom grace, had charmed him as never before in his eight-and-forty years had he been charmed, and before the faintest inkling as to such intention on his part had occurred to her unconscious mind he had proposed to her. Assuredly her yea had not been yea, but, on the other hand, perhaps from sheer surprise, neither had her nay been nay; and so, warily, he had besought her to take time to consider the situation and then write to him her decision.

To Mrs. Morrisson the proposition had been joy undiluted. She embraced her child when she told her of it and congratulated her as if acceptance were a thing already concluded, and so great was the flutter of her delightful excitement that soon she transmitted a portion of it to Eva.

With the wretched advantages which were all she was able to give her girl, such a marriage exceeded her most sanguine expectations, for here indeed had all of a sudden risen up position, means—Eva would never have to consider and toil to coax that one obdurate end to meet with that other equally obdurate one as for all her married estate she had been obliged to—interest; openings for the boys growing up, possibilities for the younger girls coming on. Under the infection of the glory arising out of all these visions, how could doubts as to any answer save an affirmative linger long in the mind of any one?

And yet as the girl was writing her letter the following afternoon, only just as she was writing her letter, some counter-feeling had arisen, and even as the words were on her pen she had laid it down, and pushing the paper from her, had sprung to her feet with 'No" sounding from the bottom of her heart.

What it was she did not know; why it was she could not have told you; there had come no influence interfering with that which was all upon the one side, no word, no sound, nothing save some occult voice within, some subtle knowledge where as yet no knowledge was, some under-current, dim, nebulous, undefined, that had stopped her, whispering, "Not yet! not yet!"

Flushed and determined, she had gone to tell her mother her fresh and final decision, which Mrs. Morrisson had listened to aghast and discomfited, had combated and gainsaid to her utmost, and terminated by reminding her that not herself alone was included in such wanton sacrifice of the good laid before her.

And then for a space fell silence, broken only by the drowsy humming of the bees through the slumbrous sunny afternoon, Whilst Eva stood erect and slender, with her young heart throbbing out its pros and cons, and her mother, yearning only for her good, watched her disquietedly.

"You see, dear child," she resumed at length, "it is not as if you had any dislike to Mr. Clifford. Mine would then be the last of all tongues to ask, or wish, or counsel you to marry him, for I should hold that a wrong to you and a wrong to him as well. But you have told me that already you so much like him, and that he is kind and good I can see for myself; and such being the case, the love will come; indeed, dearest, you will find it so. And think of the life he can open to you, the happy one for yourself and the useful one to the others; and we can do but so little here for you all. You know, dear child, how dull and small it is; you know how often you already have chafed against it, and fretted that you could not do as others can."

True, all true; and each word as she listened sank into Eva's heart. How often had she envied other girls of her age who went up to London and mingled with the crowd, and saw men and women as they were, and knew them, who trod the world's stage and acted on it, and not merely read about its play, as she was forced to do.

How often had she longed restlessly to dress and talk and bustle with the rest, instead of idly droning here. Bordering the little lawn she looked upon was a hedge, and beyond that hedge the road, and beyond it again the graveyard round the church, and sometimes impatiently she had told herself that that represented all her life, the narrow monotonous limits, and then the grave. Besides, it was not always bright and sweet and sunny as in this present moment, but there came dreary seasons, when the bare brown earth routine set in, and all was gray and cold, and there was no scented out door air to loiter in.

* * * * * *

Before the corn was garnered and the harvest festival held in the old square towered church, Eva Morrisson was on her way to India with James Clifford as her husband.

And a wholly happy woman young Mrs Clifford was; her letters were brimful of her life, and all the pleasure and sparkle therein. James was such a dear old thing, the dearest old thing: there was nothing he would not, did not, do for her. He had bought for her the handsomest pony in all the station, and she rode every morning. James did not ride, but there were always plenty who did, and she had learnt to in less than no time, and it was delightful.

And there were tennis-parties, and polo and band-playing she went to in the cool of the afternoon, and races and ghymkhanas and lots of dances. And directly Flossie was grown up she must at once come out to her; no difficulty about the passage-money, as James would settle all that: James was always so kind and good, and they often talked about it. Poor Mrs. Morrisson's mother heart swelled with joy and gratitude as each glowing mail came in, and many a prayer of thanksgiving for it all went went up from under the old rectory roof.

By-and-bye some little alteration seemed to creep into the letters. They were less sparkling, and appeared as if more thoughtfully penned, not written straight off from the pleasure of the moment; the oft quoted scheme as to Flossie's coming out dropped into abeyance, and a hint even fell as to a possibility of its instead being Eva returning to them, a change of air, and so forth.

The climate, good Mrs. Morrisson concluded; that distant scorching land was trying her far-off bairn, and she looked with gladness on the rosy faces blooming round the table; at least she could do that much for them. But all this was of a later date, and had nothing whatsoever to do with the present, when young Mrs. Clifford was enjoying her life as a bird when first it feels power over its pinions, and when her husband, watching her, used sometimes to wonder how he had been able to secure so bonny a one to shelter under his sober wing.

For James Clifford at eight and-forty was as an old man. Some there are who are young at fifty, and some are elderly at five and-twenty, and to this latter class indisputably he belonged, so that by the time he had reached his present age he felt old, looked old, and counted as old.

It seemed but natural that he should drive, not ride; watch tennis, and not play it: go through his appointed part in the official quadrille at balls, and then lapse spectator only for the remainder of the revels; and the nearest approach to youth that since his college days he had felt was when introducing Eva to its pleasures and seeing her plunge gaily into their fresh novelties

On all sides she easily won popularity. She was new, and that in itself in a circumscribed Anglo Indian society was an attraction. She was gay and bright and good-nature personified. All the European dresses were welcome to the inspection of the other ladies to supply them with "hints" and "good ideas," and sections of her trousseau were for ever on the rounds undergoing copy at the hands of the dirgars.

She did not appear to have the smallest notions as to any jealousy or rivalry, or anything of that description, no notions at all, indeed, that were not wholly open and above-board; she was not the least bit a dangerous woman in any respect, and such being the open verdict returned, she raised no animosity in the breast of any of the members of her own sex, whilst amongst the opposite one she was universally a favorite.

Before she had been a few minutes inside a ball-room, her programme was entirely filled up; she invariably was surrounded by men at rides, and sports, and bands; her ante-tiffin levee at home was thronged by the officials and soldiers of the station, and in the court-martial of the mess room not one dissentient voice had been raised against her.

"She's most awfully nice."

"Jolly little thing."

"Best little woman out."

"Gay as any skylark, and, tell you what, thorough good too. True as steel to old Thingummy."

"Y—es, awfully nice; so she is." This was drawled by the Major, a man considerably senior to the others of the conclave. "Passionless little doll, though."

"Well, Norton, old chappie," cried out the youngest sub., "give us your word. Why so silent, oh connoisseur amongst the fair? What's your opinion, eh?"

"That the lady in question is too good to be under your discussion," and the speaker turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

"Great rot Norton taking it up like that!" grumbled the youth; "only just amongst ourselves."

"The greatest,' agreed the Major.

So far as he personally was concerned, Mrs. Clifford had already been tried, and, according to his standard, found wanting. His was the role of laying siege to every young married woman who happened to come within his ken, and he had therefore exerted himself to be especially agreeable to her on her first arrival, being pleased to feel how success was promising to crown his efforts, until she herself all unconsciously has dispelled the illusion. He was fixing his day for going to visit her, and her unconcealed pleasure had been quite delightful to observe.

"Did you not say," he asked, bending to her and speaking low, "that Thursday is the day your husband sits in court?"

"Thursday, yes."

"That then," in a yet lower key, "shall be my day of call."

"But no," she had exclaimed in her clear girl's voice, that all the country might hear, totally misunderstanding her mad. "It would be a pity he should miss you," and the most accomplished mistress of finesse could no more effectually have undeceived him.

She was young enough and guileless and unsophisticated enough to be ready to like every one, and to have every one in turn to like her, to dance, to ride, to chat with them all; she lived as carelessly as one of the humming-birds skimming in the sun, and she thought almost as little

With introspection she was unacquainted, as is commonly the case before the deeper feelings have been roused. A passion of grief such as sorrow could have taught her, an ecstacy of joy such as love might haveshown her—what did she know of either?

She had cried at leaving her parents and brothers and sisters, so for the blank of death was acquainted with the pin-prick of separation; she was fond of her husband, therefore was conversant with affection masquerading as love.

But stealthily, stealthily, the while crept on the avenger of the ignored passions, so subtly and unawares that for long she could not distinguish one from any other—perhaps because always, since first she had come, she had danced a good deal with Captain Norton, their steps did so well suit; had ridden often with him, as he principally had been her master of instruction; had talked much with him, because their conversation flowed so glibly.

Honestly, for some time unconsciousness reigned alike on his side, though of course he first discovered the inklings of what was to be. He marked her eyes, that went seeking him at parties before he had joined her, whilst she was all unaware they did so. He noted the first fleeting touches of embarrassment before she had felt their transitory inconvenience.

He learnt it in dancing and in sitting and in talking when she was yet ignorant of it, and he loved her all the deeper for it, acknowledging so boldly to himself, and wilfully persisted in it, shutting his eyes recklessly to its consequences.

And then—then were hers opened, but only after she had deeper drifted, for this was how it came to pass. They were out for an early morning ride, in highest spirits both. The charm of the sun as yet without its scorch, and the air, and the flowers, and the subtler, still more stimulating one of their own companionship, had laid their spells upon them; their laughter bubbled forth constantly; talk came easily, small silences that intervened no less pleasantly, to judge by features soft with smiles; then he discovered that something about her saddle had gone wrong.

"Your syce must, I think, have put it on a bit crooked from the first," he said.

"Oh, bother my syce! Then I must get off, I suppose."

"You had better, and let me settle it properly. You would not fancy going over the Khud, would you?"

"No, indeed!" she cried, shuddering away from the mere thought of the deep ravine beneath, darkness and death, and up here above life so radiantly bright. "Never, never!"

Lightly down she sprang, and having rearranged her saddle to his satisfaction, he put her up again.

"My strap!" she said, bending to her foot; and somehow her head brushed against his. As he raised his face, their glances met, and stayed. What was it? In his eyes some strange glow, in hers a new wild light—before they could be torn asunder, lips had joined and cleaved. . . .

"You would not fancy going over the Khud," but so few minutes before he had said to her, and "No, never, never!" she had shudderingly replied, but alas and alas for the moral descent and the deep ravine of guilt that she had plunged herself headlong towards!

From that day began for her misery and mad enjoyment, despair and delight, months of living happy to intoxication when with Captain Norton, wretched to desolation if apart from him. About equal hung the balance of the scale, and then every one was talking, he told her, and their meetings must consequently become more sub rosa, and then the wretchedness began predominating for her, hating herself for hypocrisy to her husband, but unable to keep herself from her lover.

Could she but gain strength enough to tear herself altogether from him she thought, and go home on some pretext, whilst all the time she but framed her days so as to keep with him, and he could not, did not, see half enough of her, he said.

Then came the end to it all. Her husband was to be away for two whole days, leaving early one morning, returning late the following night, and she was to be alone. Consequently, Captain Norton said he would not go to her bungalow, but would she meet him in the evening out in the semi-darkness of the budding moon, among the trees, when there would be nobody about to spy?

She was going, but she never before had taken any step so bold as this. She felt it keenly: her heart kept throbbing so, almost it hurt her: her whole frame trembled; she could see nothing clearly before her eyes.

In place of the compound and the palms and mango trees kept ever rising up in front of them the old ivy-covered rectory walls and its little lawn and flower beds, with the road running by them, and beyond the quiet graveyard where so many slept peacefully. How she had despised it all, yet how much better for her feet never to have taken her beyond those narrow precincts, thence to the silent grave, than have brought her to the ways whither they now were straying.

Again she heard her mother's words uttered long ago, and never since recalled, now all at once sound distinctly in her ear: "But, my child, you should think of others with yourself." Clearly now she remembered them; clearly now they seemed again to point upon her acts. As if in a dream slowly along the verandah she went, starting for her tryst, out into the compound, past the bananas tall and rigid, and the bamboos flickering in the moonlight, when suddenly she found herself confronted by the doctor of the station, evidently agitated.

"Oh, Mrs. Clifford, I beg your pardon for startling you, but my business is urgent. Your husband——"

"My husband!" she urged him as he paused confusedly, screamed at him almost, from the tension of her high-strung nerves. "What of him? Has——"

"Nothing wrong with him; no, no, my dear lady! Your husband must be told something. I was about to say, if he is not too far to send to. I grieve to have alarmed you. My news is happily not of him, but"—good soul, he never did know anything of any one saved in professional manner, and hastened to reassure her—"that poor Captain Norton—he knew him well, I think, and I should like him to be told—there are some little matters——"

"Told what?" came the husky whisper.

"He is dead, poor fellow. Very sad, very sad! Died an hour ago—cholera—a bad case—well and hearty at tiffin, and now dead. Heaven bless my soul!" as young Mrs. Clifford tumbled in a heap at his feet.

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Some years afterwards Judge Clifford retired with a fine pension and a full purse. He bought as handsome a house as South Kensington contains, and therein he dwelt most happily with his still youthful wife, a quiet, gentle, rather sad-eyed young hostess, but very charming, as pronounced all the guests to whom she did the honors at his handsome dinner parties, not over strong, as she had never quite recovered the effects of a most severe fever contracted when out in India.

Older friends noted how, though she had seemed so much too young for him when they married, she had now quite grown up to him, and what a successful match it had turned out, and all the younger Morrissons got a helping hand in the world and, girls and boys according to their lights, had their separate reasons for being grateful to the summer that had made James Clifford acquainted with their Eva.

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# The Queen of the Stairs.

BY T. B. C.

THE first time I saw her she was sitting on the stairs, eating an ice with a gold pointed spoon, around her an airy cloud of tulle puffings, and at her feet a perfection collection of men. Even now, at this distance of time, the scene rises clearly before me. A staircase where flowers abound, lamps held by marble figures in the wall, throwing a faint light on the lilies and geraniums below, and among them, enthroned like a fairy queen, the prettiest girl it is possible to imagine.

I made one step forward, was introduced, stumbled over Jack on the first landing, and fell crushing on the delicate puffings of tulle, on the airy flounces of net. I made an elaborate apology, and was told, with a smile that made me feel positively dizzy, not to "mention it," she was already "in shreds."

We had gone to this ball, Jack and I, to see Jack's young lady, the fairy queen.

A capital reason for Jack to go,—hardly equally good when applied to me, particularly as I was not to dance with her, speak to her, if possible not even to look at her, on pain of Jack's wrath and fiery indignation.

On the whole, I think I may say, with truth, I did not enjoy that ball. Jack was not at all a nice person to go out with. For instance, the moment we arrived he bolted upstairs, leaving me to follow and introduce myself to whoever might care to know who I was.

As it happened, nobody cares, but he could not have foreseen that, and it showed a want of consideration. Then he had promised to introduce me to whomsoever I liked; and when I remained him of his offer he only said, "Did I, my good fellow? Yes, so I did," and carefully avoided me for the rest of the evening.

I am a nice-looking young man, rather pale, perhaps, and without many features, or, at least, I have not the appearance of having many features, they being rather indistinct; but I don't at all show up to advantage leaning against a watered paper, rather yellow from wear, and not unlike my own complexion.

Yet there I stand, till the lady of the house, taking pity on me, leads me away. She gives me a ponderous young person, with a large foot, which is continually taking the gloss off my boots, and hurts rather. I bear it like a martyr, and we join the dancers, having for a vis-a-vis Jack and his young lady, Lily, the acknowledged Queen of the Stairs;—a regular party-going girl, with a ringing laugh, better than any music to dance to, and a way of glancing up at Jack from under her lashes that seemed quite to put him at his ease. Not that he required much *"putting," by the way; it came to him so* naturally.

Considering I had always heard she did not flirt, ("Not that sort," Jack used to say,) and wasn't engaged to him, I thought they seemed to be getting on capitally. I hinted as much to him afterwards, when he had surrendered his pretty partner to the next claimant, who took her off instantly to the stairs, and I had deposited her ungainly foot on a friendly chair, but he laughed me to scorn.

"What, marry the Lily?" he says. "No, no, my dear fellow. Catch a weasel asleep [if Jack is the weasel, nothing could be easier than to catch him asleep, he never thinks of getting up before twelve] She is a dear little girl, and would make a most charming wife, I am sure, for a rich man; but the idea of love in a cottage, even with Lily, is—well, anything but invigorating."

I don't believe him for a moment; but I won't enter into an argument, not at all because I always get the worst of it, as Jack declares, for I don't admit the truth of that assertion, but because I feel that Time will give a more satisfactory answer than any words of mine could do.

So we go on—very comfortably so far as they are concerned, I should think—till at the close of the evening, on entering the conservatory, I find something so like a tableau vivant going on in the background, that I can only stand and stare. Lily, the young lady who "didn't flirt," "wasn't engaged," is leaning (her gay laugh quite hushed, and her bright face completely hidden) against—I grieve to say it—a coat suspiciously like Jack's, the gentleman who wouldn't hear of "love in a cottage," and had talked so rashly about weasels.

Now, in the time of my triumph, Jack is delightfully meek. Not that he admits, even now, that he and Lily are more than friends, but tells some plausible story of how he had gone into the conservatory by chance—that was, to be alone, (so like Jack's retiring ways, seeking for solitude at a ball,) and how he had been very much surprised at finding her there, and entre nous, my dear fellow, not over pleased. "For, after all," he adds, by way of a windup, (rather weak this after the cat business,) "one may get too much, even of the Lily; don't you agree with me?"

If I had—if I only had; but I saw as in a dream a long vista of dinners in the distance, and a man with a face like unto Jack's at one end, and a girl that was very fair, aye, fair as little Lily, at the other, and didn't.

I observe that I "don't know," that I "rather like her myself," whereupon Jack throws out, simply as a suggestion, to be acted upon or not as I choose, that if I do not know how to speak of a lady, he thinks I had better "shut up." I think so, too, but hint I could do it at home, and that he might as well go with me, adding as an inducement,—for Jack having struck an attitude, doesn't seem inclined to leave it,—"I am afraid I have scared the young lady away."

Jack says it is just like me, and exactly what he should have expected from one of my manners and general appearance. Not fair this of Jack. It is not every one whose manners are so taking that the prettiest girl in the room nestles up to him as if he were—her brother? Or who possesses goggle blue eyes, as round and as large as saucers, fluffy, yellow hair that can stand on end at a minute's notice, and look as ridiculous as his does.

However, I don't wish to quarrel; so I remark casually that I see "that young lady" in the hall, and that it might be as well for one of us to conduct her to the—well, suppose I say "vehicle."

Poor, pretty little Lily, she didn't possess a carriage, nothing but her sweet face and loving heart—quite enough to make any ordinary man happy. And Jack was a very ordinary man!

Six o'clock found us shivering in the cold at the avenue gate, after watching the Queen of the Stairs depart, absurdly like Cinderella, after the clock had struck twelve, as she herself would have said, positively "in shreds," with her tulle skirts all crushed and tumbled, the coquettish little wealth of flowers half off, and hanging loosely in her bright hair, and two little satin shoes completely danced into holes. Disconsolate amidst torn puffings, distractingly pretty, she passed from our sight, the dearest little Cinderella that ever undertook to make a man happy.

"A man" means Jack; I wish it didn't—I wish it meant me.

Presently, when he had done a little stargazing on his own account, Jack announces, with assumed carelessness and a listless yawn, that he had promised—(Lily understand)—to go himself, and, if I liked it, to take me also to a croquet party, to be given next day at Sydenham by one of Lily's aunts, and where I of course concluded the Lily herself might also be seen.

According the next day we stuck flowers in our button holes, and much regretting the absences of a "trap," put up with a "hansom," which takes us, on the express understanding that we are to pay in proportion, in double quick time to Sydenham. There was tea on the lawn, which meant crumpets and flies, particularly flies,) and altogether I didn't see it, not liking crumpets, and one half believing in flies. There was no help for it, however; it was impossible to draw back.

So I sat down disconsolatedly on the stump of a tree, which didn't look pleasant enough to attract spiders, nor indeed any crawling things less wretched than myself; and dismally refusing an indigestion as offered by hard-boiled eggs, took two horrid cracknels, which gave me a dry, hacking cough for the rest of the evening, and caused an old lady to stamp me "consumptive," delivering myself over with no very good grace to be bored by Jack whilst waiting for Lily.

At length, just when I was beginning to think I could not possibly stand Jack for another five minutes, the young lady herself appeared, with no traces of fatigue in face, voice, or manner, to lead one to suppose she had been up half the night;—most becomingly attired, charmingly dressed.

A delicate muslin, and an airy scarf, a piquant, jolly little turned up hat, daintily made boots in ridiculous imitation of the kind usually worn by ploughmen, all hobnailed and laced up the front, yet pretty enough to be put under a glass case to be looked at, and gloves that being sixes, had yet gone on without bursting. Jack carried her off to the background, leaving me to think dreamily of Jack's energy, in this, Jack's new character as lover, and Lily's beauty as seen by the morning light; quite as attractive in her coquettish hat, with her brown hair all sorts of colors in the golden sunshine, as when I had first seen her in full ball-room costume, reigning supreme as Queen of the Stairs.

I began to enjoy myself. It was pleasant enough sitting in the shade on that sultry day, watching the wave of Lily's dress as she passed to and fro on the sunlit glade, and hazarding conjectures as to the probable amount of nonsense Jack would propound to her. From what I knew of Jack, I thought it would be a good deal. I was not long left in peace, however. The croquet players wanted exactly one to make their game complete,—I was exactly one: logical deduction, they wanted me.

Now I am not one of those foolish persons who never know how to say "no,"—I know how to say it perfectly to men, with a great deal of expression, I flatter myself, when lending money is the subject of conversation; but I do not know how to refuse a lady, even when, as in this instance, she is not over young or charming.

So I consented to leave my shady retreat, and come out, quite cheerfully, to be baked. To those who know anything of garden parties, it is unnecessary to state that there was a superfluity of girls, all visibly and painfully "got up" for the occasion, in muslins that rustled as they went, uncompromisingly stiff; nor, there being a superfluity of girls, it it needful to remark there was a scarcity of men. Among them many were useless,—I was useless.

I had imagined myself asked to look superior, and to go through the hoops like a London swell,—quite a mistake. I was asked to flirt with retiring and plain girls, who, expecting nothing, would, by this means, most assuredly not be disappointed.

Jolly for the retiring and plain girls, but decidedly slow for me.

I began to "wish I were a bird." I should most certainly have "flown away," leaving a message for Jack to join me at the club. Not being a bird, however, flying away was out of the question. I resigned myself. The plain girls were, contrary to my expectations, rather pleasing than otherwise. They did all the flirting themselves. I had only to look sympathetic, which was comparatively easy, being very much amused by their manœuvres.

There was one man at whom they all made a dead set. He was an "eligible," and a lieutenant in the army,—a most singular combination of circumstances,—had travelled, and looked intelligent, till he was required to speak, when he became insane, and was altogether a decided "catch," always supposing conversation not to be considered one of the items necessary in a husband. They all, in turn, tried drawing him out; but, though he several times looked unaccountably bright, I saw, with considerable satisfaction, he never committed himself. Except the merest monosyllables, he never gave vent to a sound.

Plain girls were at a discount. They were more so presently, when Jack, having, I suppose, exhausted even his fertile brain, brought little Lily back to her place on the croquet ground.

What were plain girls then? What indeed pretty ones, before Lily's beauty and Lily's smile, and the magical charm of Lily's laugh?

The girls became silently dejected, the men grew animated, the lieutenant sprightly. As for me, I went in for discernment, looking congratulations at Jack, whilst attending to Lily's requests, to put a chair "just there," and give her her tea. "No sugar, thanks," and "Yes, please, the least little bit of cake."

I felt perfectly sure it was all settled. I saw it in Lily's little nervous movements, and studied avoidance of Jack, and the unconcerned ease with which Jack himself strutted about, very much overdoing his part.

An hour later, driving towards town, in all the glory of a summer sunset, I was proved correct, when Jack, in the most sentimental tone I had ever heard from him, asked if it was positively necessary for me to go down home next month, as he should have so much liked me to be present at his wedding, Lily have promised it should take place in six weeks.

And it was I who returned thanks for the bridesmaids.

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A THRIFTY NATION.—Norway has 350 savings banks, of which 67 are in the cities and 283 in the rural districts. The total number of depositors having accounts with the banks is 470 799 Of these 269 371 are in the cities, and 201 428 in the rural districts. Compared with the population of the kingdom, this shows an average number of 236 depositors to each 1 000 inhabitants, or 132 for the rural districts and 569 for the cities. In this connection it must be noted that a great number of people in the rural districts make deposits in the savings banks of the cities, while hardly any residents of the cities make deposits in the banks of the rural districts.

# My Wedding Present.

BY T. R. M.

"Annie, oh, Annie, do come down-stairs! Another parcel has just arrived for you, beautifully done up in glossy paper, and sealed all over."

I am to be married to-morrow, and for the last month the presents have been pouring in day after day, until sometimes I feel quite bewildered at the lovely things that belong to me. I close the drawer over the contents of which I have been busy and go down to the drawing-room. I break the seals of the parcel one after another and cut the string.

There are several papers, then a cardboard box, on the top of which is a card. I take it up and read, "With Cosmo Rideout's good wishes to Tom's wife." Inside the cardboard box there is more white silk paper, and then a lovely morocco leather case. I touch the spring and the lid flies open, and I literally gasp.

There, reposing on a bed of turquoise-colored velvet surrounded by satin flutings, is a gold bracelet set with diamonds. Such a bracelet—four superb flashing eyes on either side, the centre consisting of a large sapphire. I take up the trinket gingerly. My hands are trembling from excitement, for I have never had anything like this before.

"Oh, isn't it exquisite—isn't it too beautiful!" I cry.

"Put it on," says practical Nell, "and let's see then."

She takes it from me and claps it on my arm.

"Oh," I exclaim, "it is much too handsome for me! Won't Tom be astonished?"

I am much puzzled. Mr. Rideout is one of Tom's friends, and we scarcely know him. He has been to our house only once, and then I did not care about him; and I did not think Tom cared much for him either. But I believe the friendship is on Mr. Rideout's side.

"I cannot understand it," I say. "I have often heard Tom say that Mr. Rideout was the biggest screw he ever met with. He wriggles out of paying for everything he can, and is always getting drinks and dinners and drives at some one else's expense."

I unclasp the bracelet to examine it more closely. It is handsome—much too gorgeous for me, who have never had any jewelry of any value in my life. The sapphire in the centre stands higher than the others, and is set in a raised ring of gold. It is very large, and exquisite color. Then I put the bracelet back into its case and close it with a snap.

* * * * * *

Tom and I are back from our travels. Our honeymoon has been an old-fashioned one; we have been wandering about the Continent for two months. To-day we have come to stay with one of Tom's married sisters whom I have never seen before. A large subscription ball is to be held in the town to-night, and the house is crammed with guests.

I feel almost like a bride again as Tom and I enter the drawing-room. Nearly every one is there, and there is much laughter and talking until the carriages come to convey us to "the scene of action," as Colonel Dallas puts it.

As I pass down the hall on my way to the door, I notice a lady leaning forward as if to scrutinise my arm, or fan, or something. She looks very closely at the object, whatever it is, and the blood rushes to her face. I look at my fan to see if anything is amiss, but can find nothing wrong.

The assembly-rooms are very full when we arrive, and dancing is in full swing. The floor is perfect, and Tom and I start off to the strains of "Estudiantina."

We have paused for a few minutes to rest, and I am lazily fanning myself, when I gradually became conscious that some one is watching me, and, glancing round, I see the lady who looked so closely at me in the hall intently watching my every motion.

"Tom," I say, "is there anything remarkable about me—my arm, or glove, or the sleeve? There is a woman taking an uncomfortable interest in me."

"No—I notice nothing remarkable," he replies; "but you are looking awfully jolly, my darling!"

"Oh, yes; but I don't mean that! She does not look at me all over, as if she were taking me in, but only at my arm."

"Why, I expect your diamonds are attracting her! By Jove, how they [illegible] and that sapphire look! Rideout knew stones when he saw them—that is certain. He must have been a connoisseur."

Later in the evening I am sitting resting on a settee in one corner of the room, when some one takes the vacant place beside me, and I look up to recognize the same lady again. She continues to eye me furtively from time to time. Then, perhaps noticing that I am aware of her glances, she suddenly moves a little nearer to me and says hesitatingly—

"Are you not staying with Colonel Dallas?"

"I am," I reply rather curtly.

"I thought so. So am I," she continues; "so we ought to know each other, ought we not?"

"I arrived late at Rann Lea—only just in time to rest and dress—so was not able to be present at dinner," I state, in an indifferent tone.

She fidgets, and appears to be ill at ease; but, when I look at her, I find her eyes fixed on my arm. I have just resolved to move away when she again speaks.

"Pardon my rudeness, but would you allow me to look at that bracelet?"

"Certainly," I reply icily, extending my arm a little towards her.

She looks intently at it, and then at me, her face slowly flushing.

"You will, I fear, think me impertinent, but some time ago I had the misfortune to lose just such a bracelet. It was a peculiar one, and this is exactly its counterpart."

"Yes," I say, "that may be. I expect there is generally more than one of a design made—don't you think so?"

"No, not always, I think. Mine had been specially ordered. And, do you know, I can see no difference between yours and my lost one."

I begin to feel indignant and uncomfortable.

"It is incomprehensible," I return, "but a coincidence, I suppose."

"The bracelet I lost was an heirloom from my mother. It was such a grief to me when I lost it that I hope you will forgive my having pestered you so with looks and questions."

"Mine was given me as a wedding-present," I say, "so of course it cannot be the same."

"Oh, no, of course not! But may I see if yours is made in quite the same manner as mine? If so, the sapphire is movable, and encloses a lock of dark hair, with a date in gold thread."

She raises my wrist and presses one side of the setting that encases the sapphire. Oh, horror! The stone flies back and reveals a lock of dark hair quaintly set in a tiny case, a gold thread twining about it and forming a date. I am dumfoundered, and the lady looks terribly ill at ease.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear! I assure you I am quite as puzzled about it as you are—it is so very inexplicable! Have you a case for the bracelet?"

"Oh, yes!" I reply. "It came from Sparkel & Bunthron's—I remember noticing the names—and the case is perfectly new. It has my monogram on it—inside and out."

I find Tom, and relate the discovery. He looks terribly annoyed, but says very little. How the bracelet seems to burn on my arm! I pull my long kid glove over it at last to hide it, for I feel as if every one in the room must know that I am wearing stolen property. Tom and I agree to go up to town with the lady—Mrs. Vere—and see if Bunthron's can throw any light upon the matter.

After much interviewing and questioning, we gain a clue to the mystery. One of Sparkel & Bunthron's men remembers that about three months ago a gentleman left the bracelet to have a very handsome case fitted to it. The bracelet itself was not bought there; the gentleman brought it with him, leaving instructions that it might be polished if necessary. He himself called for it afterwards.

We go from the jeweler's shop to the hotel where Mrs. Vere dropped the bracelet. Several waiters are summoned; but they all appear to have such short memories that we despair of tracing the matter farther. At last however the right one appears.

Oh, yes, he recollects perfectly that Mrs Vere lost a very valuable bracelet on the night of a Bal poudre, and that she spoke to him about it! He further tells us that some time after Mrs. Vere left a gentleman announced that he had the missing bracelet, but that, as he knew Mrs. Vere very well, it was all right, and he would return it to her that day.

I must give up the bracelet. I am persuading Mrs. Vere to take the case as well, for it is useless to me, and the sight of it will only be a great annoyance, when Tom interferes. Dear old boy! He is in such a towering rage that I fervently trust he and Mr. Rideout will not meet. He insists upon returning the empty case at once to his quondam friend, accompanied by a note written in the most stinging and slighting of terms. This is sent to the club. No answer coming, Tom marches round, only to find that Mr. Rideout has started for the Continent by the evening mail.

Some of the men tell Tom that a small packet, accompanied by a note, came for Mr. Rideout by messenger. He blustered a great deal over it, and then vanished, reappearing, after an interval, in a great hurry and with his portmanteau with him. He announced his attention of taking an immediate journey, and soon departed. He was still intensely excited.

We conclude that he is traveling for his health, a cooler climate than he might expect England to be for some time being more conducive to his well-being. Mrs. Vere is naturally delighted at the recovery of her lost and despaired-of bracelet; but she refuses to take any proceedings against Mr. Rideout. She is a jolly little woman, and I think we shall become great friends, so that I am likely to have the felicity of seeing, if not wearing, My Wedding Present.

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A Fat Story.—Of all the stories told of surgeons who have grown fat at the expense of the public, the best is the following one, for which Mr. Alexander Kellet, who died at his lodgings in Bath, in the year 1788, is our authority. A certain French surgeon residing in Georgia was taken prisoner by some Indians, who, having acquired from the French the art of larding their provisions, determined to lard their particular Frenchman, and then roast him alive. During the culinary process, when the man was half larded, the operators were surprised by the enemy, and their victim, making his escape, lived many days in the woods on the bacon he had in his skin.

## A CASE IN POINT.

Victor Hugo wrote of the man who laughs, and another French author has delineated the experience of a man with a broken ear, and our own statesman and humorist, the late Sunset Cox, has answered the question, *why we laugh; but*, so far as we know, none of the standard writers of the day have told the story of the man who coughs, or made the hero of an exciting tale the sufferer from lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia or any of those excruciating ailments so common to humanity. The reason for this is probably that readers of fiction do not relish tales of woe, except as contrasts to the brighter side of life, and that authors naturally desire that the heroes of their works shall be models of perfection. It would not, however, require any considerable labor of the imagination to produce scores of characters conspicuous for a propensity to complain of their sufferings from all the afflictions enumerated in the manual of physics. The streets are full of them, and each one has a story more doleful than that of his neighbor. A case which recently came to our notice well illustrates the foregoing. Mr. Michael F. Dever, a prominent and well-to-do citizen of Germantown, during the past spring has been a terrible sufferer from rheumatism. His legs were swollen so badly that he could hardly move about, which was a great inconvenience to the gentleman, who is of a nervous temperament and delights in feats of pedestrianism, and bicyle riding; lately becoming interested in the bicycle to such an extent as to grow into that now often seen individual—a bicycle enthusiast. A representative of this paper recently met Mr. Dever wheeling along a smooth boulevard and noticing that he had regained his lightness of step and fleetness of foot, inquired of him how it was that he was able to be out in such disagreeable weather. After detailing all that he had passed through during his long illness, and describing his case in the manner usual to the chronic sufferer, he said: "But I will never be caught in that fix again. I have found a remedy that is thorough and lasting. If you are ever troubled in the way I have been, take Radway's Ready Relief. It's death on Rheumatiz." And handing our reporter a fine Havana cigar, he resumed his pedalling with increased vigor, his radiant face the picture of thankfulness for his providential recovery.

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For 28 years Dobbins' Electric Soap has been imitated by unscrupulous soap makers. Why? Because it is best of all and has an immense sale. Be sure and get Dobbins' and take no other. Your grocer has it, or will get it.

## At Home and Abroad.

Signs in the desert which will indicate the trails and give directions as to the nearest springs and wells of fresh water are to be erected by Arizona and California in the desolate regions on either side of the Colorado river, where so many tragedies have occurred through miners and others losing their way or dying from thirst. The signs are high poles of gas pipe, with big squares of sheet iron at the top, and are painted red, as that is the color that can be seen the greatest distance in that region.

At Ofen, Hungary, a woman died recently who had not for thirty years gone outside her house. She was the daughter of well-to-do parents. Thirty years ago she was about to be married. Her lover, "to test her obedience and love," desired her on a certain feast day not to go into the street. She agreed, but broke her promise and went into the town. The next day her lover broke the engagement, and thereupon she made a vow that never again during her lifetime would she leave the house—and she kept her word.

What promises to be the most important Canadian exploration in the recent history of the Dominion is about to be made—namely, the investigation of the immense tract of unknown country which lies between the height of land at the head waters of the Ottawa river and distant James' Bay. This region may be compared in size to the entire Kingdom of Portugal. Strangely enough, while explorers have been penetrating much higher latitudes in the interior of Labrador, none has hitherto paid any attention to this immense stretch of 35,000 square miles, which is the nearest of Canada's unexplored regions to her large centres of population. It is probable that much of it consists of lowland covered with merchantable timber.

The bicycle is indeed the great leveler. It puts the poor man on a level with the rich, enabling him to "sing the song of the open road" as freely as the millionaire, and to widen his knowledge by visiting the regions near to or far from his home, *observing how other men live. He could* not afford a railway journey and sojourn in these places, and he could not walk through them without tiring sufficiently to destroy in a measure the pleasure which he sought. But he can ride through twenty, thirty, fifty, even seventy miles of country in a day without serious fatigue, and with no expense save his board and lodging. To thousands of men and women the longing of years to travel a little as soon as they could afford it is thus gratified, virtually without limit; for a "little journey in the world" can be made on every recurring holiday or vacation.

What is our idea of the Australian climate? It is most probably new to us to be told—perhaps we have never even thought of it—that in one colony of New South Wales, in parts, the inhabitants experience a winter like Canada and a summer like Jamaica. In Kiandra, a mining town on the border line between New South Wales and Victoria, there is no communication with the outside world for four months in the year except by the use of snow-shoes. Snow shoe races are organized, and the mail man has to use this means of locomotion. At the same time in Queensland the sun will be pouring down in overpowering strength, drying up all before him and making water dearer than wine. To continue the tale of this diversity of climate, in part of Northern Queensland the rainfall and vegetation are not unlike those of Ceylon; in the northern rivers of New South Wales cane brakes flourish as moist and luxuriant as in Jamaica; in the west of the same colony a long file of camels laden with merchandise has become a common object, and in Tasmania Assam hybrid tea plants grow side by side with barley, maize and potatoes.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the [illegible] portion of the ear. There is only one [illegible] to cure Deafness, and that is by constitu[illegible] remedies. Deafness is caused by an [illegible] of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imper[illegible] it is entirely closed Deafness [illegible]

[illegible]

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

# Our Young Folks.

## GOING ASTRAY.

BY [illegible]

WHO could be knocking so softly at the door?

They had just lighted the gas in the large empty rooms at the police-station. One policeman, with helmet on, was at a desk, writing, when a knock came to his door—a soft knock made by little knuckles.

He went to the door to see who it was; and there, in the hall which led in from the street, stood a nice fair-haired little girl about seven years old, with a tired look, as if very little would make her cry.

"Can't find your way home, can you, my dear?" said the policeman.

"Oh, yes! I am Daisy; I live at Holly Mount."

"Glad to hear it," said the policeman. "I thought you were lost."

"Tommy is," said the little girl. Her face flushed, but she had a great deal to say about Tommy, so she did not break down.

"Ah!" said the policeman. "Boys will be boys. We shall get Tommy back. How old is he?"

"Three months," said the [illegible].

"Has [illegible] gone out with him?" said the policeman.

The child shook her head. "Tommy went out himself."

"Nonsense!" said the policeman. "He is somewhere in the house; you'll find him. Your mamma has got him in the drawing-room, or something like that. He's not going about at three months old. Mine is twelve months old at home, and he is only beginning to walk."

"He must be a very backward kitten," said the little girl demurely. "Tommy got out of his basket when he was only a few weeks."

Then a light broke upon the mind of the policeman, and he smiled and stroked his beard.

"I just ran round to let you know about Tommy at the station," said the little girl. "I want you to please tell the policemen to be on the look-out for a black and gray kitten, and—and—please will they take him up and bring him to me when they see him."

The policeman smiled again. "We do not take cats and kittens in charge, my dear; we have got enough beside them to look after. But I think if you were to offer a reward——"

"Money?—I have one-and-ninepence," said the little girl quickly, trying to discover where her pocket had gone to. "I would give you all I have."

"No, no, my dear—not to me. I meant to say, if you were to get notices printed and put in the shops."

The child looked puzzled. She only understood that the public police-force was refusing to do anything for her poor kitten. She could not ask any more. Her lips trembled, and the tears trickled down her face.

Now the big policeman had other children at home beside the baby who was beginning to walk. He had a little girl just about the size of this one.

"Don't cry," he said kindly. "It's not a thing that generally comes in our line—taking kittens in charge; but I promise you I shall give a word to the men that go round by Holly Mount, and if they see Tommy he shall be kept safe for you. Now run home; it is getting too dark for a little lady the size of you to be out."

She thanked him very gratefully; he would not take the one-and-ninepence.

Just as she was getting home to Holly Mount, she heard a forlorn little squeal up in a tree. And there was Tommy. The cook brought out the step ladder, and got him down.

Everybody had been looking for the little girl herself for the last half hour, and there she had been so naughty as to run all the way to the police-station in her slippers, alone, and without leave.

She passed on the scolding to Tommy afterwards in the nursery. He purred and rubbed round her; but he would not tell where he had been, though she asked him twenty times. "You bad little kitten! why did you run away? and why did not you come home before it was dark?"

* * * * * *

When there was firelight in the nursery the fair little girl [illegible] the [illegible] kitten purred to her, and the kettle was singing for nursery tea, and the shadows were dancing on the walls.

[illegible] Tommy [illegible] story.

"Shall I tell you the story of the Three Blind Mice?" he said. "Mother Puss told it to me yesterday when I finished my saucer of milk. It is a nice story. The mere mention of mice——"

"That is not a story; it is something to sing," said [illegible].

"Then I shall tell you about the two most wonderful things in the world," said Tommy.

"[illegible]," said Daisy, [illegible].

The [illegible] Mother Puss [illegible] wonderful [illegible] world, and [illegible] Mother Puss [illegible] and [illegible] into the [illegible].

"Mother Puss told [illegible] the next [illegible] a bird that talked [illegible] a man, and [illegible] is a Manx cat, that had no tail."

The kitten said that he had never heard of such a thing in his life. He forgot [illegible] he was only three months old [illegible] kitten; [illegible] how [illegible] he put his back up [illegible] to be very big.

[illegible], and the black pussy [illegible] called after him, "Take care of the [illegible]."

But he said, "I don't care about the dog [illegible] with my back up!"

So Tommy [illegible], he crossed a yard where a hen and a chick were having [illegible], and the first thing he saw was the bad dog [illegible], which happily escaped [illegible] up a tree.

The kitten ran back as fast as it could in the opposite direction. And next it heard the voice of the cats' meat man. Being a London kitten, it knew the street cry of the meat-seller already, and thought itself very clever to know it, too.

"Mee meat! mee meat! meat!" called the voice, with the deep twang that most of the London pussy cats know.

Now this kitten was never allowed to have any, because he was too young; but his mother had it every day, thrown in at the back door stuck on a skewer; and how tempting he thought it smelt, and what a long time it took in being eaten, because it was so nice and tough! He did wish for cats' meat, and he thought himself quite big enough to eat it, too. Now it would be very clever of him if he found the man and got some for himself, without ever letting Mother Puss know.

He rushed across the yard, and saw a back door open. The call, "Mee meat! meat!" came from inside.

The kitten peeped in, but could not see the man with a basket anywhere. The room was a kitchen, and a large white-crested cockatoo was perched on the edge of the dresser drawer, close to its cage. Two or three cats were waiting below, [illegible] whatever scraps of food were dropped by the cockatoo [illegible] in from the yard [illegible].

The kitten, peeping in, saw with surprise that one of the cats had no tail, and seemed to be quite happy without. This was an Isle of Man or "Manx" cat. Tommy was so startled by seeing it that he gave a little squeak of wonder, with his eyes and mouth wide open.

"Get out!" [illegible] deep voice; and the kitten ran away [illegible]. After a while he [illegible] again.

"Get out!" [illegible], and sent him flying.

When he looked in [illegible] the cook [illegible], and said—

"[illegible] Polly [illegible] out, and bringing [illegible] about us!" And out ran the kitten from the door, and the [illegible] hopped out a minute after, and so did all the cats that had tails, but the Manx one remained inside.

Poor little Tommy was going home disappointed, when whom should he see running after him full speed but the wicked dog. Tommy scrambled up a tree, and sat up in the branches for weary hours, while the dog waited below.

Up in the tree, Tommy thought to himself that after all he was not clever, and Mother Puss was really wise, and had seen the world. He knew now that the cockatoo was the bird that could talk like a man, and he had seen for himself an [illegible].

[illegible] Mother Puss knew best; another time he would not want to see for himself if it was true, when she told him [illegible] wonders of the world.

"After that," said the kitten [illegible], "[illegible] how did I get down? [illegible] Did the policeman put me in his pocket?"

"No," said the little girl out loud; "it was the cook with the step-ladder."

Daisy's own voice woke her. The kitten had purred itself to sleep, and nurse was telling her tea was ready.

"See how tired you made yourself, Miss Daisy, running away to the police."

"Oh, dear!" said Daisy, rubbing her eyes. "I was dreaming of Mrs. Jones' cockatoo and the cat that has no tail. Please don't say any more about my going to a policeman, or I shan't enjoy my tea a bit. Get up, Tommy, if you want any toast."

And so the kitten woke up and arched its back and waved its tail and yawned. And its whole adventures had been Daisy's dream, for it had been no farther than the top of the tree. The chickens were picking in the yard, and had never seen it that afternoon. Mrs. Jones' cockatoo had not spoken a word all day, because he was beginning to be like the famous parrot, which, as its owner said, did not speak but thought a great deal.

The Manx cat, far from wondering at the talking bird, had been sent back to the Isle of Man, to tell there about the curious cats that had tails—which it had never been the fashion to wear in his part of the world.

And as for the dog, he had never hunted a cat since weeks ago, when his master was very angry; and that afternoon he had only sat in his master's study, waiting for him to be ready to go out. Poor old Shep had, in fact, brought him his hat hours before the right time.

So it was clear that the kitten had dreamed it all. Or—no, no, no,—the little girl had dreamed it all; that was what we meant to say: for if kittens have any dreams one never knows what they are.

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WARMTH FROM SNOW.—The value of a mantle of snow in protecting vegetation in the fields in winter is fully understood in farming districts, and the cause of the protective effects of the snow is an interesting subject of scientific inquiry.

In Germany, where no such subject is ever allowed to escape investigation, a learned doctor has recently made some important observations on the warming properties of snow. He has found that the looser the snow, the greater its power to protect the ground beneath from the effects of external changes of temperature. Snow generally offers about four times as much resistance to such changes as a sheet of ice of the same thickness gives. When snow becomes closely packed, therefore, it is less effective as a protection to plant-life than when it lies loosely upon the surface.

Other experiments show that while a blanket of snow protects the ground beneath from the chilling effects of the winter atmosphere, yet the surface of the snow itself, especially in clear weather, is colder than the air; so that snow tends to lower the temperature of the atmosphere, and where broad areas of country, or extensive mountain slopes, are covered by it, important climatic conditions may be produced by its influence.

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FRIENDLY RIVALRY.—It has hitherto been looked upon as an established fact, which could not be called in question by the most sceptical, that each community of bees was distinguished by its ultra-monarchical principles and its loyalty to one queen. The members of the hive would never hear of a pretender, still less of a duumvirate or triumvirate, and any attempt to bring about such a change in their political system would have produced a revolution. The moment a rival presented herself, the lawful queen would, speaking figuratively, attack her tooth and nail, and the duel would end only in the death of one or both. An Austrian authority on agriculture, Dr. Dzierzon, however, has a hive in which two queens get along together in perfect accord. They approach each other from time to time, he says, without the slightest antipathy, and on two or three occasions actually caressed each other most tenderly, separating quietly and peacefully, followed by their devoted suite.

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SENTIMENTAL ARITHMETIC.—Sentimental arithmetic calculates thus: Two glances make one look; two looks one sigh; four sighs make one waltz; three waltzes make one palpitation; two palpitations make one call; two calls make one attention; two attentions make one fool (sometimes two); two fools make one flirtation; one flirtation plus two bouquets equal to one engagement, equal to one marriage.

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Baldness [illegible] by grayness of the hair. To prevent both baldness and grayness, use Hall's Hair Renewer, an honest remedy.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Ocean telegraphic cables cost about $100 per mile.

Women's brass bands, it is said, are being organized all over the West.

A Kansas lecturer on irrigation had a slim audience in La Crosse because the roads were so muddy the farmers couldn't get into town.

About 12,000 acres of grain in Lane county, Kan., have been insured against fire, flood and tornado. This is a new kink in agriculture.

In the prisons of Germany a year ago were 33,000 inmates, 14,000 of whom were incarcerated for crimes committed while under the influence of liquor.

A description of a crocodile in an old English dictionary closes in this way: "It will weep over a man's head after devouring the body, and then devour the head also."

Lightning travels in a zigzag course, because it passes through different strata of air, and, on being [illegible] in its passage, turns from side to side to find the easiest path.

The estate of Clarendon, near Salisbury, England, which Sir Frederick Bathurst is offering for sale, was the residence of the British kings from Henry I to Edward III.

A fight occurred between two colored waiters in Chicago, recently, over who should serve a guest known to be liberal with tips. During the quarrel one of them was fatally shot.

Goggles are now supplied by the British Admiralty to the officers and sailors serving on fast torpedo boats, as the high speed has been found to be injurious to the eyes.

There are between 600 and 1000 deaf mutes scattered through the city of Chicago, and they are all industrious and fairly prosperous, earning their living honestly and uncomplainingly.

It is supposed by some that when a tree is struck by lightning it is torn not by the electricity, but by the explosion of water suddenly converted into steam by the heat of the arrested current.

It is said that the wild lettuce is one of two well-marked compass plants, and that it has the property of twisting its leaves until they point straight upward, with the edges directed north and south.

Two million francs is the appropriation for sports at the Paris Exposition of 1900. The events will be held at Vincennes, and will include athletics, fencing, shooting, ballooning and horse and bicycle racing.

A strange freak of nature occurred at Bridgeton, N. J., a few days ago, when the cat belonging to Mr. A. E. Robinson gave birth to a litter of five kittens, all closely joined together. They all appear to be healthy.

The Improved Industrial Dwelling Company of London accommodates 30,000 persons in its houses. It is claimed that its system has reduced the tenement death rate from forty to only eleven in a thousand.

What is believed to be the largest glacial bowlder in this country is near the little town of Madison, N. H. It is 88 feet long, 49 feet high, 46 feet wide and 226 feet in circumference. The weight is estimated at 16,000 tons.

Walnut shells are in demand in London for the purpose of adulterating ground cinnamon, and bring more than whole walnuts. The powdered shells are not distinguishable unless the microscopic examination is an unusually careful one.

It is not generally known that it is unlawful in Ohio to keep any native song bird in confinement. During the past month twenty-eight people have been arrested in Cincinnati for this offence, and it is estimated that over 25,000 birds have been given their freedom within the past year.

Four generations of one family were baptized together at Litchfield, Conn., recently. There were a little boy, Leonard Merrill, his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and great-grandfather and great-grandmother, the great-grandfather being 86 years old. The group entered the water at the same time.

Deserted villages are common enough in the East, but from other causes than burst booms commonly. Damariscove, Me., has now no inhabitant but a lighthouse keeper, though some summer houses are this year to be built. Two hundred years ago, in arranging for the Indian campaigns, Damariscove could furnish a company of men.

Sweden's State telephone is soon to be connected with the State telegraph. Instead of address the telephone numbers will be used, the telegraph clerk looking up the address. Messages may be telephoned to the telegraph office and telephoned back, thus dispensing with the greater number of the messenger boys, as in Sweden nearly every one uses the telephone.

Bullhead British courage was shown in a recent sewer gas accident in London. A man went down into a sewer and did not come up; another man descended to look for [illegible] another, by [illegible]. The [illegible] man who entered [illegible] in [illegible] the fifth still alive and in getting out the bodies of the first four.

## REST.

BY S. J.

There is a Voice that rings above the clamor
And business of the world,
That calleth often through the midnight silence
Ere sleep's soft wings be furled.
It speaketh unto souls of men sin-burdened,
To hearts with loss oppressed—
"Bring hither your deep woes, your hidden sorrows,
And I will give you rest."

O ye who journey, worn and faint with hunger,
As through strange paths ye roam.
Hark to this Voice that bids you stray no longer
Afar from friends and home;
Cast off the shackles that so long have bound you,
Whose weight hath sorely prest,
And hear the Voice that whispers, having found you,
"And I will give you rest."

## BIRDS, BEES AND WASPS.

It is interesting to note that when male and female birds are rich in plumage and nearly alike in color, such as our kingfisher, woodpecker, tits—they build their nests in banks and holes of trees, or in any situation that conceals the bright colors of the sitting bird from its enemies. But when the female is a dull color and the male bright, the nest is mostly built in open and exposed places, and nest, eggs and sitting bird blend in hue with the surroundings so that perchance nest and bird may escape the notice of the destroyer.

Birds are born with the instinct to build a nest, but seemingly learn the pattern from the nest in which they have been reared. Younger birds are said to mate very considerably with the older and more experienced birds in nest-building. All of this is borne out by these facts, "that the less perfect nests are built by younger birds and the more perfect by the older;" that birds brought up from the eggs in cages do not make the same construction of nest as their species, even though the proper materials are supplied to them, but put together a nest of the rudest structure; that some young chaffinches were taken abroad and turned out in New Zealand, and instead of beautiful chaffinch nest so well-known to us, they built a nest loosely put together, lined with feathers, with its walls hanging down loosely about eighteen inches below the supporting branch.

Wrens flit about in hedgerows, low thickets, and so build their nests of moss. Rooks dig in pastures and ploughed field for grubs, and in so doing come across roots and fibres with which they line the inside of their nest. Crows feed on carrion, dead rabbits etc., and frequenting sheep-walks and warrens line its nest with fur and wool. The lark frequents cultivated fields, and so makes its nest on the ground of dry grass stems lined with finer grass and rootlets. The kingfisher makes its nest of the bones of fish which it has eaten. Swallows make a nest of clay and mud taken from the margin of the ponds and rivers where they seek insect food.

In 1888 a pair of great titmice began to build their nest in the post-box which stood in the road, and into which letters were posted and taken out by the door daily. One of the birds was killed by a boy, and the nest was not finished. In 1889 a pair completed the nest, laid seven eggs and began to sit, but one day, when an unusual number of post-cards were dropped into and nearly filled the box, the birds deserted the nest, which was afterwards removed with the eggs. In 1890 a pair built a new nest, laid seven eggs, and reared a brood of five young, although the letters posted were often found lying on the back of the sitting bird, which never left the nest when the door of the box was opened to take out the letters. The birds went in and out by the slit for the letters.

An English scientist, Bates, consumed with a burning zeal and unselfish desire to acquire more facts for science, spent some eight years away from his fellow white men, and lived amongst the half-castes and Indians on the Amazon.

In his book he tells us that during one hot summer afternoon he watched a sand wasp about its parental duties. The female worked alone, and with forefeet furnished with a fringe of stiff bristles dug out of the sand a gallery two or three inches in length. Coming out of the hole it closed the entrance, and flying round a few times as if to take note of the locality, flew off. In a short time she returned with a benumbed fly in her grasp which she placed in the hole, and then proceeded to lay an egg in it, so that when her young grub was hatched it would find a plentiful supply of food ready to hand. After this was all finished she emerged from the hole, closing the entrance. Her wisdom in benumbing the fly is evident, for were she to kill it outright it would shrivel and dry up and be useless as food by the time her young grub required it.

The sting of a wasp or a bee is a sharp dart, grooved on its under surface, along which groove work up and down two long narrow lancets which protrude beyond the dart. The dart and free end of the lancets are notched with teeth that point backwards like the end of the spear of a savage, so that when the insect is alarmed, as it generally is when it stings a human being, in the endeavor to extricate itself quickly it leaves behind the whole sting in the wound.

According to one naturalist, if a bee be allowed to sting a soft piece of leather or indiarubber, it will tear itself away leaving the sting behind beautifully dissected. Another naturalist says a wasp cannot do this, but will remain a prisoner till it is set free.

* * *

WHERE MATCHES ARE UNKNOWN.—Although the match has long since supplanted the tinder-box, thousands of the antiquated light producers are still made. Adventurers often take a flint and tinder-box with them on trips, knowing from experience that if slower than a match it is certainly surer, and in addition to the demand that this creates, there are remote country regions in Europe where the match is comparatively unknown, even now. Then, again, the white man, with his ultra-sensitiveness, does not see any harm in shipping tinder-boxes, and even the oldest kinds of flint-guns, to the savages of Africa, who derive sincere delight from using them, especially as the traders are, as a rule, careful to explain that the one is an improvement on the match and the other a great stride toward perfection in firearms.

## Grains of Gold.

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.

The spirit of self-sacrifice is one of the great beauties of holiness.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is like a fine picture placed in good light.

After all, our worst misfortunes never happen, and most miseries lie in anticipation.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays; who deserves well, needs not another's praise.

Temptation rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure that men are made or marred.

Never purchase love or friendship by gifts; when thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you stop payment.

The true gentleman is always modest. He is more ready to obtain the opinions of others than to parade his own.

Vainglorious men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vaunts.

It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults, without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

He who learns and makes no use of his learning is a beast of burden with a load of books. Comprehendeth the ass whether he carries on his back a library or a bundle of fagots?

## Femininities.

"And do you love him, child?" "Love him, mamma? I've seen his bank-book!"

Kansas has 20 women holding office as County Superintendents of Public Instruction.

A woman always hopes for the best. Especially is this so when it is a sealskin sacque she is looking for.

Ada: "No, Priscilla will never marry unless she finds her ideal!" Ida: "What sort of man is her ideal?" Ada: "A man who will propose."

A Cincinnati paper says that the politest young man is a resident of that city. He took his hat off to talk to a lady through the telephone.

By the ancient law of Hungary a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was, in consequence, extremely rare.

On the day of the feast of St. Theodore, observed annually at Helmagen, Roumania, all the young married women go about the town kissing the men and offering them a drink of wine.

The seagull is the latest novelty in jewelry; it is carried out in platinum, with the head and feet darkened as though the metal had been smoked, with a line of diamonds on the edge of the wings.

That was a bright girl in the street car the other day who said to her companion, who was making the usual female search for her purse: "Let us divide this, Ethel. You fumble, and I'll pay."

One of Cleveland's oldest pioneers, Mrs. A. S. Palmer, passed away peacefully a few days ago at the home of her son, Mr. V. T. Palmer. She was seventy-three years old. She taught President Garfield the alphabet.

Mabel: "Do you notice how attentive Tom Terrapin is to that elderly Miss Gotrox? I wonder if he really means business." Maude: "There is certainly little about her to lead one to suppose that he means anything else."

Lady Spencer Clifford, of England, has just passed with first honors the examination for a sea captain's license, and, if she desires to do so, she can now serve as master of any ship on the high seas. But her immediate purpose is to be qualified as captain of her own yacht.

Sarah Bernhardt says: "If I am in a crowd of people and a dog or cat is near it will come naturally to me without my making the slightest movement. Why this is the case I cannot say, unless there is developed in me another sense, the existence of which animals at once perceive."

There is a fair bicyclist who spins through Central Park, New York, every fine morning about 10 o'clock, who attracts attention because of her being attended by her maid, a trim young colored woman, who wears a white cap and apron, and who rides about 10 yards or so behind her mistress.

Sweet young thing: "I want a music roll, and I want one with open ends." Clerk: "The only ones we have are closed at the ends, but they are the very latest." Sweet young thing: "I don't care; I want one with open ends, so people can see that I am really carrying music. I don't want to be suspected of being a shopgirl carrying her lunch."

A woman who has to work for a living has no time to work the men, and the men are such chumps that they have to be worked to be secured. A girl who neglects her work to curl her hair and bat her eyes at the men stands a better chance of winning a husband than the girl who makes her bread her first object. This is not complimentary to the men, but men are great chumps.

A Chicago paper, having been asked by a subscriber whether it is considered proper for an engaged young woman to dance with gentlemen at entertainments which her affianced does not attend, says, "It depends on where you live. In Boston or New York it might do; but in Carson City or Leadville an engaged girl never dances with any gentleman except her affianced. Very few men are willing to die for the sake of a girl's enjoyment."

Horne Tooke's advice to a young friend desirous of venturing upon matrimony was, "Look carefully round among the whole circle of your friends, and choose the nicest girl you can find. Make sure that her fortune is good, her connections unexceptionable, and her personal qualities entirely to your liking. When the happy day arrives, and the bridal party on their way to the altar, mount the swiftest horse you can procure, and ride off in an opposite direction."

The women of Cobb county, Ga., will send an interesting exhibit to the Atlanta Exposition. It is the celebrated "battle-scarred cabin" from the battlefield of the Kenesaw Mountain. It is a plain log cabin about twenty feet square, and was situated just behind the Confederate breastworks. It offered a good mark for some of Sherman's batteries, and was bored in every part with shells and peppered with bullets, but did not take fire. There are over thirty clean holes through its walls, made by Federal shells, and many hundreds of bullets are buried in the logs. The cabin is to be taken down and rebuilt in the Exposition grounds.

## Masculinities.

King Alfonso, being now 9 years old, has been provided with a father confessor to direct his conscience.

A monopoly is a good deal like a baby. A man is opposed to it on general principles until he has one of his own.

Generally, when a man and woman have been made one, the honeymoon is the time spent in endeavoring to discover which is that one.

Philanthropist: "Why did you change the title of 'The Ladies' Home' to 'Old Ladies' Home?'" Mrs. Du Goode: "It was becoming too crowded."

Two Southern writers, Samuel Minturn Peck and William H Hayne, are going to take the lecture platform together. Peck weighs 200 and Hayne 97 pounds.

Although there is no longer a royal barge, nor any pageantry on the Thames, there is still a barge-master and a waterman, with a salary each of $2000 a year.

A good wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building to which it clings, twining its tendrils more lovingly as time converts the ancient edifice into a ruin.

Mr. Sze, of the Chinese Legation at Washington, is an enthusiastic bicyclist; but on account of the peculiar style of his dress he is obliged to use a woman's wheel.

Abram Atwood, a poulterer, of Lewiston, Me., sold a turkey to a patron and the latter found in the fowl's crop a gold bosom pin worth twice the price of the turkey.

"How do you like your new home?" asked the old resident of Hoxemville. "I'm getting more and more stuck on it every minute," said the new settler, struggling through the mud in his front yard.

Hoax: "There's something suspicious about that man Wedderly. He's utterly unnatural." Joax: "How so?" Hoax: "His first-born is a year old, and he has never once attempted to tell me the cute things it does."

Ethel: "So Arthur proposed last night?" Maude: "Yes." Ethel: "And did you accept him?" Maude: "I was so awfully excited, I don't know whether I did or not. If he comes to-night, I did; and if he doesn't, I didn't."

A negro named Dillard died recently at Jefferson City, Mo., who, while a convict in the penitentiary, lost both eyes in a quarry explosion. Notwithstanding his total blindness he could steal about as well as ever, and was sent to the pen, a second time.

Ethel: "That Miss Peart, from Chicago, doesn't intend to get left." Alice: "Why?" Ethel: "Well, you see, she wears a heart-shaped locket, and when the young fellows ask her to open it they don't see some other chap's face, but a neat little sentence, 'To Let.'"

A curious use for a husband is reported from Clerkenwell, near London, where a Mr. Lamb and his wife keep a small shop. For fourteen years the firm has avoided paying taxes by the wife's sending the husband to jail to serve out the legal time for unpaid taxes, while she remains at the store attending to business.

The other day a physician was questioning a man who was thought to be insane. "Do you ever have any illusions?" he asked. "What are they?" asked the man. "Why," explained the physician, "do you ever hear voices?" "Oh, yes," replied the man. "When?" "When someone talks to me," was the entirely sane reply.

Levi Childs, a colored barber of Middletown, N. Y., celebrated his 97th birthday Monday. He is living with his fifth wife, who is 78 years old. Childs bought his freedom forty years ago for $300 that he had accumulated while working at the carpenter's trade. Childs had nine sons in the Union army and served in the civil war himself.

A gang of college students at Adrian, Mich., got the laugh on a Lake Shore Railroad conductor. Three hundred of them went down to Jonesville. The fare is only fifteen cents, but every one of these fellows gave him copper pennies. Where they got them is a mystery. There were 4500 red cents in all. When they came back they did the same thing. There was no use of kicking.

Guerritta, the Spanish bull-fighter, established a record for a day's work recently. He began at 7 o'clock at San Fernando, near Cadiz, killing three bulls and putting the banderillas in the other three. He then took a train for Xeres and did the same thing there between 11 and 3 and wound up the day by reaching Seville in time for another fight at 5.30. In this last fight the bulls were unusually fierce, killing nineteen horses before they were despatched.

A notable case of filial love came to light in Pittsburg a few days ago, when a 76 year-old son came to the office of an aid society to claim his mother, who is two years past the century mark, from whom he had been separated by the long illness of both. It was shown that the man had remained a bachelor all his life in order to care for his mother. They came from Ireland thirty years ago, and had lived together since that time, as they had previously in the old country, until five months ago, when both were taken sick and had to be removed to a hospital.

## Latest Fashion Phases.

Fichu effects and draped puffed sleeves appear on the new Louis XVI polonaises and street redingotes, models designed for the autumn and winter. Striped wools and striped satins will be used among other materials in the making of these stately garments. On more youthful redingotes the immense sailor collar and elbow sleeves appear. These are made of chameleon taffetas, and are to be worn early in the fall over skirts of satin, colored silk or velvet. A number of ultra-fashionable women have appeared recently in elaborately trimmed dress skirts, some having a very full fluted Spanish flounce that reached from the hips to the skirt hem, abbreviating very greatly their apparent height and making them look like animated lamp shades. It has been frequently announced that elaborately trimmed skirts and close coat sleeves are the latest craze in Paris, but this is not the fact. The gowns worn by women of the highest position in Paris are quite without eccentricity. In front and at the sides of the skirts there is only sufficient fulness at the hem to throw them out slightly from the feet, and at the back there are three folds carried down in a crescendo from the waist. The sleeves are quite as full as ever.

Braided white mohair blouses are worn with black or dark skirts.

New and effective Dresden buttons have a single brilliant hoop rim of French jet, Irish diamonds or finest cut steel.

Solid ecru, pink or blue linen shirt waists have wide box pleats front and back, piped with white linen, with immense white linen sailor collar and cuffs, bordered with tiny washable gimp the color of the shirt waist.

Capes will continue to rival coats in fashionable favor just as long as full sleeves remain in vogue. The capes for late autumn will be made of Persian-trimmed jetted plush, satin trimmed kersey, fur-trimmed plain velvet or plush, braided persian cloth, wide wale boucle cloth and fine ladies' cloth in black and colors. Jackets will be stripped, box pleated and braided.

Duchesse satin continues to be a great favorite for evening toilets and for dress accessories. It is popular for three very good reasons. It is extremely pliable, yet is very rich and heavy in effect, quite unlike many of the soft satins now in use. It has a lustrous surface, and again, it wears better than most of the satin now manufactured.

Judging by manufacturers' samples, there will be great use made this fall of pretty checked goods in two contrasting colors and two different weaves. The checks vary in pattern from the pin-head or shepherd's weaves to those from half an inch to an inch and a half wide. These checks will appear in satins, silks, all-wool stuffs and silk and wool mixtures.

Crepons will not lose favor yet. On the contrary, they are likely to be in high vogue for the seasons to come—gauffre, creped and relief effects with high raised designs will be among the novel autumn patterns that will take the lead, not, however, to the forsaking of the plainer crepons, which very many women prefer. The handsome crepons are high-priced, and the inferior grades soon show wear, the cheap-priced varieties being a most undesirable and unsatisfactory purchase.

A liberal use will be made by the milliners next season of velvets and velvet ribbons. Tiny toques and dress bonnets of dark green, violet, claret and black velvet will be trimmed with shaded velvet flowers of a seasonable kind, like nasturtiums, wall flowers, geraniums, etc. A lovely little model in plateau shape is made of dark mulberry velvet, trimmed with elderberries and richly shaded autumn leaves.

Blouses of dainty washable sort are now frequently fitted with removable sailor and stock collar—a very convenient fashion, for these portions of the blouse often become soiled or crumbled before the waist itself. White linen or white embroidered sailor color and cuffs are supplied, as well as those which match the blouse.

White satin shoulder capes veiled with white or black accordion chiffon are much worn at the watering places.

Chiffon and velvet are frequently seen in combination with also a suspicion of fine lace.

Very airy are the capes made entirely of chiffon or pleated Brussels net finished at the throat with a flower garland; these are more ornamental than useful.

Very chic are the jaunty capes of cloth or cheviot lined with gay tartan and bandanna plaid; the novelty consists in a jabot of doubled and bias silk, which is pieced down the front with frills of the same in the neck.

Some of the new traveling capes are striped, with stitched bands of the material dotted here and there with bullet buttons of pearl or metal.

A return to gilt braid seems imminent, as a few of the scarlet and fan golfing capes are gay with gold or silver braid.

Coats are similarly ornamented, gold cord being sewed on to the edges, occasionally supplemented by a pattern in narrow gold soutache; this finish is varied by substituting silk cords of different colors.

A novel touch in the finish of jackets is to continue the one or two darts up to the shoulder; these darts are stitched slightly apart, sufficiently to show about a quarter of an inch of velvet or faille of a slightly darker shade between.

Some of the new short jackets have ruffled backs cut in points and stiffly interlined so that the silk lining is visible.

For young women the blazer of dark red cloth is popular; this is made extremely short, and many of them are finished upon the pockets, revers and cuffs with white pearl buttons, put on in groups of three or those of faceted steel gilt or silver.

A dainty hat known as the "Malmaison" has a wide, almost straight brim made of "paille mousseline" and edged all around with a ruche of white chiffon. The trimming is striped green and white glace ribbons, pale green ostrich feathers, rosettes of black chiffon and clusters of "Malmaison" carnations. Lace and silk muslin plaited to stand up in a frill and around the crown form another feature of trimming on these hats, and wide ribbon is tied around, scarf fashion, below to hold the trimming in place. Flowers of every sort and description which nature and art can suggest are used in great profusion, quite covering the crowns of many of the latest triumphs of millinery skill. Some hats have a top heavy appearance, but the wide ribbon bows of satin or Dresden ribbon produce this quite as much as the flowers, and everything counts in the final struggle for novelty. Flowers were never so beautifully made or so true to nature as they are this season, and there is a realism about the foliage and way of arranging them which makes even an overloaded hat attractive as a bouquet if nothing more. Cream straw hats trimmed with ruchings of black lace and chiffon or a black aigrette at one side and a large satin bow on the other are very stylish.

## Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter in proportion of one cup of sweet milk to two cups of flour, a heaping teaspoon of baking powder, two eggs, beaten separately, one tablespoon sugar and saltspoon salt; heat the milk a little more than milk warm. Add slowly to the beaten yolks and sugar; then add flower and whites of eggs; stir all together and throw in thin slices of good, sour apples, dipping the batter up over them; drop in boiling lard in large spoonfuls, with a piece of apple in each, and fry to a light brown. Serve with maple syrup or a nice syrup made of sugar.

Green Corn Fritters.—Sift together a pint of flour, a heaping teaspoonful of the best baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of white pepper. Cut through the centre of each row of kernels, and press out the inner part of them with the back of a knife; add three half pints of the corn pulp to the flour and four eggs well beaten; mix and if the corn is not juicy enough to make the batter, add a little milk; drop spoonfuls of it in smoking hot fat, brown them nicely, and serve plain or with the sauce recommended for tomato fritters.

Buttermilk Muffins.—Add half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of warm water, to one cup of buttermilk add one beaten egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, and then stir in one and a half cups of whole wheat flour. Mix quickly and bake in gem pans in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Mock Oysters.—Grate the corn from about one dozen ears, add it to three table spoonfuls of flour and the yolks of six eggs, well beaten; season with salt and pepper; have an equal amount of lard and butter hot in the frying pan, and drop the corn into it in cakes the size of an oyster; fry to a light brown and serve hot.

Corn and Potatoes.—Cut from the cob cold corn left over, and mix with an equal amount of cold boiled potatoes chopped. Heat a spoonful of drippings in a frying pan and stir the corn and potatoes in it until they are smoking hot. Send to the table in a deep dish.

Corn Soup.—Take one dozen ears of green corn, not too hard, and split the rows of kernels through the middle lengthwise with a sharp knife, scrape out the pulp, being careful not to get much of the hull into it. Add one pint of water and boil about fifteen minutes, then put in one pint of rich sweet milk and let boil up. Season with salt, pepper and butter and serve steaming hot.

Deviled Biscuits.—Take one quarter of a pound of water crackers, steep in milk for ten minutes, take them out, dust with a little cayenne, salt and black pepper, and bake in a slow oven for about twenty minutes.

Snow Sauce.—Beat the white of an egg stiff; continue beating while pouring over it a boiling hot mixture made from one-half cupful of fine sugar, one-quarter cupful of butter, one-quarter cupful of flour, and one half cupful of water; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Spiced Blackberries.—Five quarts of berries, two pounds of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful of every kind of spice. Cook until the berries are done, then remove the berries and boil the juice three quarters of an hour; turn back the berries and put in jars. This does not need to be sealed.

Household Hints.—For coffee stains try putting thick glycerine on the wrong side and washing it out with luke warm water. For raspberry stains weak ammonia and water is the best. Stains of fruit on good table linen can be removed without injury by using the following with care: Pour boiling water on chloride of lime, in the proportion of one gallon to a quarter of a pound, bottle it, cork it well, and in using be careful not to stir it. Lay the stain in this for a moment then apply white vinegar and boil the table linen.

Eggs can be more quickly beaten by adding a pinch of salt, which cools them, so that they froth rapidly.

To take paint spots from window glass wash with hot, sharp vinegar, or wet with water and rub hard with a new silver dollar.

The best way to set the dye of black lisle thread hose is to put a couple of good pinches of common salt in the water you wash the hose in.

To wash red table linen use tepid water with a little powdered borax (borax sets the color); hang to dry in a shady place. The washing must be done separately and done quickly with very little soap; the rinsing water should have a very little starch it it. Iron when nearly dry.

A pretty article for hanging beside the bureau to hold the button hook and other small articles is made of one of the wooden eggs used in stocking darning. At equal distances around the centre screw in four of the small brass hooks such as are used on bangle boards, then paint the egg white and decorate with tiny flowers and attach a ribbon to the opposite hooks to hang it by. The egg may be gilded instead of painted, if preferred.

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Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

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**Radway's Pills**

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

**Loss of Appetite,**
**Sick Headache,**
**Indigestion,**
**Biliousness.**
**Constipation,**
**Dyspepsia.**

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists. Send to DR RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

## WHERE THE GENERAL HID.

In the fall of 1864 the northern part of Virginia was in a great deal of excitement, for the raids of the Confederates had greatly annoyed the Generals of the Union forces. But there was no way to catch the marauders. The region lay at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and, while the Federal troops would be quietly sleeping in the tents, some band of rangers would sweep down upon them with a wild rebel yell and before they were half awake they would find themselves prisoners.

Wagon trains full of setlers' supplies would be taken off before any detachment of troops could come to the rescue, trains would often dash from the rails into some big cut and be stripped of everything sent out from Washington to the Union Army, and an immense force was kept constantly on the watch for a small band of only a few hundred in number, who never slept and who struck one point to-day and the next night would raid a camp at least fifty miles away. It was very annoying to the Federal generals, and though they took every precaution in their power, every expedition met with a mortifying failure, for the Virginians were alert enough to elude capture, having a thorough understanding of the mountainous region in which they operated.

At last the Federal commander determined to exterminate the rangers, and with that view sent out a picked corps of men who were eager to meet and capture an enemy who boasted that he could not be taken. It was early in the morning of a warm September day when the men in blue reached the top of a hill in close proximity to where the rangers were known to be, and it was only a few seconds before the boys in gray caught sight of the uniforms of the enemy, as the Federals came downward at a brisk trot. At the foot of the hill was a long stretch of dusty road, shining brightly in the cool September sunlit air.

The boys in blue dashed down with a wild hurrah, while their horses, catching the excitement of the fight, leaped forward as if eager for the fray. And with an equally fervent yell the rebels put spurs to their horses and came on in a steady gallop to meet the foe. For a moment there was a brisk rain of bullets; several of the men on both sides threw up their arms and fell in the dust, while their foaming, riderless steeds continued in a mad chase down the pike. Then the Confederates broke and fled, with the yelling Yankees close at their heels.

It was a long, hot chase, and soon the soldiers on both sides were wearied out and the panting horses could hardly keep up, had it not been for the continued application of whip and spur. At last a stream was reached, and here the Union men succeeded in capturing several Confederates. But not the leader. He was a small, wiry man, with a frame as strong and tough as steel, one who did not know what fear or defeat meant, and he plunged his animal into the water, lifted his sword high above his head and safely climbed up the opposite bank, amid a shower of bullets, accompanied by a shout of admiration from the astonished enemy. In a moment he was out of sight behind the hills.

It took ten minutes for the prisoners to be disarmed and for the cavalcade to reach the other side; then the pursuit was resumed.

About a quarter of a mile down the road was a pretty farm house, one of the ideal type with a little porch, over which climbed a flowering vine, while the yard was full of sweet, old-fashioned bushes, and the huge oak trees almost shut out the sunshine that tried timidly to creep into the quaint little sitting room, where a young girl sat busy peeling fruit. The door was open, and just as the girl raised her eyes a horse raced into the yard with its flanks reeking with water and the rider wet from the tip of his plumed hat to the soles of his cavalry boots.

The man rode into the barnyard and left his steed in the stall, then dashed back into the house. At that moment the head of the Federal column came over the hill on the galop. The Confederate saw the line of blue uniforms, the sun flashing on the sabres, and, with a hurried glance around, he sprang to his feet and ran to the corner, in which stood the old clock, one of the style that was used in the Revolutionary times, and is now known as "Grandfather's clock." In a moment he had opened the door, slipped inside, and by the time he had closed it again the Union men were trooping into the house.

Then began a thorough search of the house from garret to cellar, but not a trace of the man could they find. The beds were torn to bits, the pantries explored, every closet upset and no nook or corner of the place left uninvestigated. But to no purpose. Then the barn was given a good overhauling, and, though they found the wet and saddled horse, there was no trace of the rider. At last all of the Union men collected in the sitting room where the young lady sat quietly watching the proceedings and still busy in her houseold duty of preparing the fruit. They were nonplussed and could not imagine what had become of the rebel.

Now it happened that the old clock was not running, but had been broken for some time, and was full of dust, which the entrance of the ranger had disturbed. In fact he was in a great predicament. The dust had filled his nostrils, and he felt creep over him the horrible sensation of a coming sneeze. To sneeze at such a time would be a betrayal of his hiding place to the Union men, who now filled the room, but it was impossible to control the itching of the irritated nose any longer. A sneeze meant capture, perhaps death, but no matter, the sneeze had to come.

A bright thought just then flashed into the Confederate's mind, and with a quick motion of his hand he set the old wheels in a whirl and the rusty pendulum swung out in a sonorous chime. In the cover of the noise the sneeze was born, but it was not heard. However, the sudden waking into life of the old clock excited suspicions, and with a glance of inquiry the Federal officer moved toward it. The young Virginia girl was quick to take in the situation. With a fretful air she exclaimed:

"There goes that old clock again; it must really be fixed, for it is so annoying," and the officer, changing his mind, took no more notice of the occurrence. In a few moments the house was deserted and the troops had passed away in the direction of their camps, leaving the rebel to come out from his hiding place a sight to behold. The wet clothes were full of dust and his face gray with the water and mud which covered it. He was soon back among his remaining troops, but he was never anxious to repeat the adventure in the old clock.

◆

**An Elephant Tragedy.**—During a recent religious festival at *Alvartirunagari*, on the banks of the Tambramini, a terrible tragedy was enacted by an elephant. Like most large temples, it has its periodical festivals, one of which has just been celebrated. Certain elephants were brought down from Nunguneri and Tinnevelly for the festivities of the occasion. All went smoothly till unfortunately the large elephant of Nunguneri, being in anger, ran amuck.

The mahout unwittingly took up a little child (son of the Temple Darmakartha) and placed it in front of him on the neck of the elephant. Alarmed at the state of the elephant the mahout endeavored quietly to pass the child out of danger by handing it to somebody behind. He was not quick enough to elude the sagacity of the elephant, which snatched up the child, put it into its mouth and began munching it. The mahout, horrified at the sight, jumped down and tried to extricate the child, which he succeeded in doing, but not before the child was well-nigh dead. Indeed, it only breathed for a few minutes afterward and then expired.

Enraged beyond all bounds the animal became furious, and in its mad rage seized the mahout, dashed him to the ground and then trampled out any little breath that might have stilled remained in his body.

And here comes a strange and touching incident. Repenting seemingly of his awful misdeed, the elephant gathered up what was the moment before his master, proceeded to his (the mahout's) house, and depositing his mournful burden, passed on. The people generally in great dread closed all their doors and windows.

The elephant wildly rushed along the streets and came to the temple, the door of which, too, had been closed. It thereupon battered the door, and passing into the enclosure, furiously attacked the little elephant of Tinnevelly, which it pierced with its tusks and soon killed.

Emerging thence, the animal rushed madly along to the river close by, where it began throwing mud and sand all over itself. In the meantime the police constables got their muskets loaded, and climbing out of danger took pot shots at the furious animal, which they eventually succeeded in disabling and ultimately killing.

◆

**Boone's Encounter with Two Indians.**—The first settlement in Kentucky was named in honor of this intrepid guide Boonesborough. The supply of salt was not sufficient, and on Jan. 1, 1778, Boone and thirty companions started for Blue Licks, on the Licking River, that stream which empties into the Ohio between Newport and Covington, opposite Cincinnati. Upon reaching the spot the men were soon busy making salt: but Boone, having no taste for this work, sauntered off to employ himself in shooting game for the company. He had wandered some distance from the river when suddenly he came upon two Indians armed with muskets.

It was impossible to retreat, and the chances were against him if he stood. His coolness did not forsake him, however; he instantly jumped behind a tree. As the Indians came within gun shot he exposed himself on the side of the tree; one savage immediately fired, and Boone dodged the ball. Exposing himself at once again in the same manner, he drew the fire of the other Indian.

He now stepped boldly out, the Indians were trying to load again; he raised his rifle, and one of the savages fell dead. He was now on equal terms with the other. Drawing his hunting knife he leaped forward. The Indian raised his tomahawk to strike, but Boone, with his rifle in his left hand, warded off the blow, while with his right he plunged his knife into the heart of the enemy. His two foes lay dead before him. There is a memorial of this deed at the Capitol in Washington, in sculpture, over the southern door of the rotunda.

◆

**Women must Weep.**—A capacity for tears—abundant, warm and ready ones—is, said a physician, one of the surest preservatives of feminine beauty. They are the natural outlet of emotion, a sort of liquid lightning rods by which excitement and passion are most easily and rapidly dissipated. Sweet Alice, in the ballad, who wept at a frown, retained until late in her career unfurrowed bowed, dimpled lips, shining eyes, and her hair so brown. So do nearly all weeping women who can let rivers of hot, salt tears course down their cheeks. It is she who keeps up a power of thinking, who has few tears to shed, and those flow with an effort, whose facial lines and gray hairs come early. A capacity for tears is worth cultivating, since not only does a lack of them score *heavily against one's freshness of face,* but has its marked effect in general temperament. The women who weep easily have correspondingly light hearts, tender, demonstrative, and impulsive ways, and a charm the dry-eyed women lack,

## A TRIP ON THE REPUBLIC.

Nobody has ever realized the full beauty and enjoyment of a journey on the water who has not participated in one of the palace steamer "Republic's" great trips down the Delaware to Cape May. From the moment of leaving Race St. wharf, in the morning, until reaching the landing place on the ocean front, the several hours on shore, with their numerous delights and the journey back in the evening it is one uninterrupted round of pleasure. For the sight-seers the cities and historic spots on both sides of the stream, the picturesque scenery, the numerous islands forts and similar objects are never ending sources of interest. Then on board the boat, there are all kinds of entertainments, concerts, theatrical shows, Punch and Judy, kinetoscopes, electric pianos, dancing, library and others means of enjoyment. All this in combination with plenty of room, comfort, good order, refreshments at city prices and the reason of the Republic's wonderful popularity is clearly understood.

Your Stomach Distresses You

after eating a hearty meal, and the result is a chronic case of Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, or bilious attack.

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RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.,
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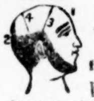
**Success in Life.**—Keep the law of duty now ever before you; let it be your never-failing pillar of light. Be brave, and on the square with your conscience to the last. Your success in life may not equal your hopes or your deserts; it is not in man to ensure success. The best and wisest of us may fail in the struggle; but we may have our consolation even then. To gain the world's applause, and snatch its fleeting spoils, is not man's sole and proper business here. Immortality smiles forth on the scene, and beckons him ever onwards in the race for those eternal honors which the world can neither give nor take away—the prize which all may strive for, and no one strive in vain.



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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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| No. 1. The round of the head. | No. 1. The round of the head. |
| No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald. | No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2. |
| No. 3. Over forehead as far as required. | No. 3. From ear to ear over the top. |
| No. 4. Over the crown of the head. | No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead. |

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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WE SECURE PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that :: :: ::

It's the Simple
Trivial Inventions
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## Humorous.

### THE LAND AGENT.

"Why don't you get rich?" a land agent said;
"It's foolish for you to be poor.
Buy some lots in my suburb; they are bound to go up"—
And the wind blew across the wild moor.
I gave him my cash for some desolate lots,
And he went on a nice pleasure tour;
While I stayed and watched for the lots to go up—
And the wind blew across the wild moor.
—U. N. Nose.

Light-headed—A street lamp.

On pleasure bent—The average bicyclist.

It is all right for a hatter to advertise: "My goods are always on top."

She: "Have you ever loved another?" He: "Yes, of course; did you think I'd practice on a nice girl like you?"

"You Mose, you brack rascal!" "Yes, pap?" "Quit wahin' yo' 'spenders crossed in front; hall de time I dunno whedder yo's comin' or gwine."

Old lady, to motorman on trolley car: "Ain't you afraid of the electricity, Mr Motorman?" Motorman: "No, ma'am. I ain't got no call to be afraid. I ain't a conductor."

A French general, well known in English circles, who had the misfortune to be bald headed, said that he wished to make a present to a lady, and to give her something rare. "Give her a lock of your hair," remarked Montrond.

Slobbs: Did you borrow that money you were after from Holdfast?

Globbs: No!

Slobbs: I thought he was a close friend of yours.

Globbs: So he is. Very close.

American: You've heard the story, I suppose, of that countryman of yours who said "yes, hundreds of times," when somebody asked him if he had ever known a man to marry the sister of his widow?

Visiting Englishman: No. Let's hear it.

After a prosecuting attorney in Maryland had heaped vituperation upon a prisoner without counsel, the judge asked the latter if he had anything to say for himself. "Yes," answered the prisoner, "I want you to postpone this case long enough for me to find a blackguard to answer that one there."

Customer: Why, this is a new shade of red.

Assistant: Yes, madam. That is the Anarchist tint.

Customer: How did it come to get that name?

Assistant: It wont wash.

A few nights ago a stalwart Boniface who was talking boastingly about his customers, said of one of them, "he is the most regular man in Harwich; he comes here and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for ten years, except when his mother died, and that time he came on the Sunday. It's a grand thing, being punctual."

Little Frances was receiving a lesson in arithmetic.

"Frances," said mamma, "if you had fifteen pears to divide, and there were five little girls in the room, how many pears would each little girl get?"

"That would depend on how hungry I was, mamma," replied the small mathematician.

"This is your little sister, Tommy," said the father, showing him the baby; "you will love her dearly, will you not?"

"Y-yes, of course," replied Tommy, inspecting the latest arrival, "but it'll cost a great deal to keep her, won't it?"

"I presume so."

"Yes," said Tommy, with a long drawn breath, "and when I asked you the other day to buy me a white rabbit you said you could not afford it."

A newspaper man planned a story in which a lady, unhappily married, was to sue for a divorce, and, to make sure of being correct, wrote to a lawyer friend, stating the case as he meant to describe it. Back came a post card: "You could not get a divorce on the grounds you mention in the United States; you might in England." This card, handed in by the postman to Mrs. Newspaperman one forenoon, when her husband was away on business, raised a breeze in the household which was not allayed for some days.

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "there's a burglar in the house; I'm sure of it!"

John rubbed his eyes and protested mildly that it was imagination.

"No, it isn't. I heard a man downstairs."

So John took a box of matches and went down. To his surprise, his wife's suspicions were correct. Seeing that he was unarmed, the burglar covered him with his revolver and became quite sociable.

"Isn't it rather late to be out of bed?" he remarked.

"A—er—a—little bit," replied John.

"You're a little too late, anyhow, because I've dropped everything out of the window, and my pals have carried it off."

"Oh, that's all right! I'd like to ask one favor of you, though."

"What is it?"

"Stay here until my wife can come down and see you. She has been looking for you for the last twelve years, and I don't want her to be disappointed any longer."

**Saving.**—A man is very apt to deceive himself into an idea that he cannot save, and that it is of no use attempting it. He convinces himself that his income is little enough for present necessities, and puts off the hope of accumulation, if he forms it at all, to that happy period when he shall be in somewhat better circumstances. His circumstances do, perhaps, improve; but his wants have extended as much, and still the time for saving is far ahead. Thus he goes on and on, resolving and re resolving, until he is at last suprised by some sudden calamity which possibly deprives him even of his ordinary earnings, or by death, which cruelly cuts him off in the very midst of the best intentions in the world. Did any man, we would ask, ever experience a falling off in his income, even to so small an amount as a few shillings in the week? Many answer they have. Did they continue to live at that reduced rate? They reply, We did so—we were compelled to do it. Very well; and pray what is the difference between being compelled to live a few shillings a week cheaper, and compelling yourself to do it? Or suppose stationary wages and a rising produce market. Did you not find, that, though bread rose a penny a loaf, and other provisions in proportion, you still contrived to make your income procure something like the usual exhibition of victuals? You answer, Yes. And where, I would ask, is the difference between spending a small extra sum upon certain articles of food, and laying it by for accumulation, supposing it not to be so needed? It is clear that if you had the fortitude and strength of character to make the saving as much a matter of compulsion as the other circumstances are, you would save. You have, therefore, no excuse to present for your not saving, except that you are too weak-minded to abstain from using money which is in your power.

**Gardens.**—To know whether a garden has been planted or not, a Western paper gives the following rule—"If one forgets whether beds are planted or not, a good way to tell is to turn a stray cat into the garden. If the beds are planted, the cat will proceed to race round and dig into them, and act as if it had relatives in China whom it was anxious to get at; while, if they are not, it will sit down calmly in the path and seem to be meditating on the progress of missionary work in Africa. A cat's instinct seldom deceives in this matter."

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Heavy Growth
Of Hair, use
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Bottle will do
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Purify the Blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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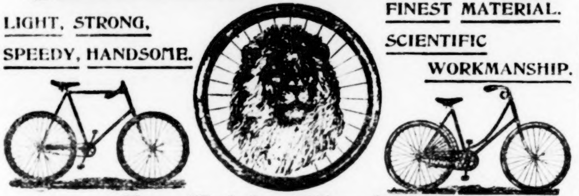

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Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.
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FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, (Saturday only, 1.32 p m), 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.33, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.20, 6.32, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a m, (Saturdays only 1.30), 2.00, 3.00, 3.40, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.40 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4.45 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, (Mondays only, 6.45) 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00, 10.15 a m, 3.15, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.20, 8.06 a m, 4.32 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.00 p m. Sundays—Express, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.10 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad). Express, 9.15 a m. (Saturdays only 1.00), 4.15, 5.15 p m. Sundays, 7.15, 9.15 a m.
Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.
Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3962 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent.
C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

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Good Wives
grow fair in the light of
their works, especially if
they use SAPOLIO:
It is a solid cake of scouring
soap used for all cleaning
purposes. All grocers keep it.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.